

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

ADMIRAL PORTER UNDER FIRE.

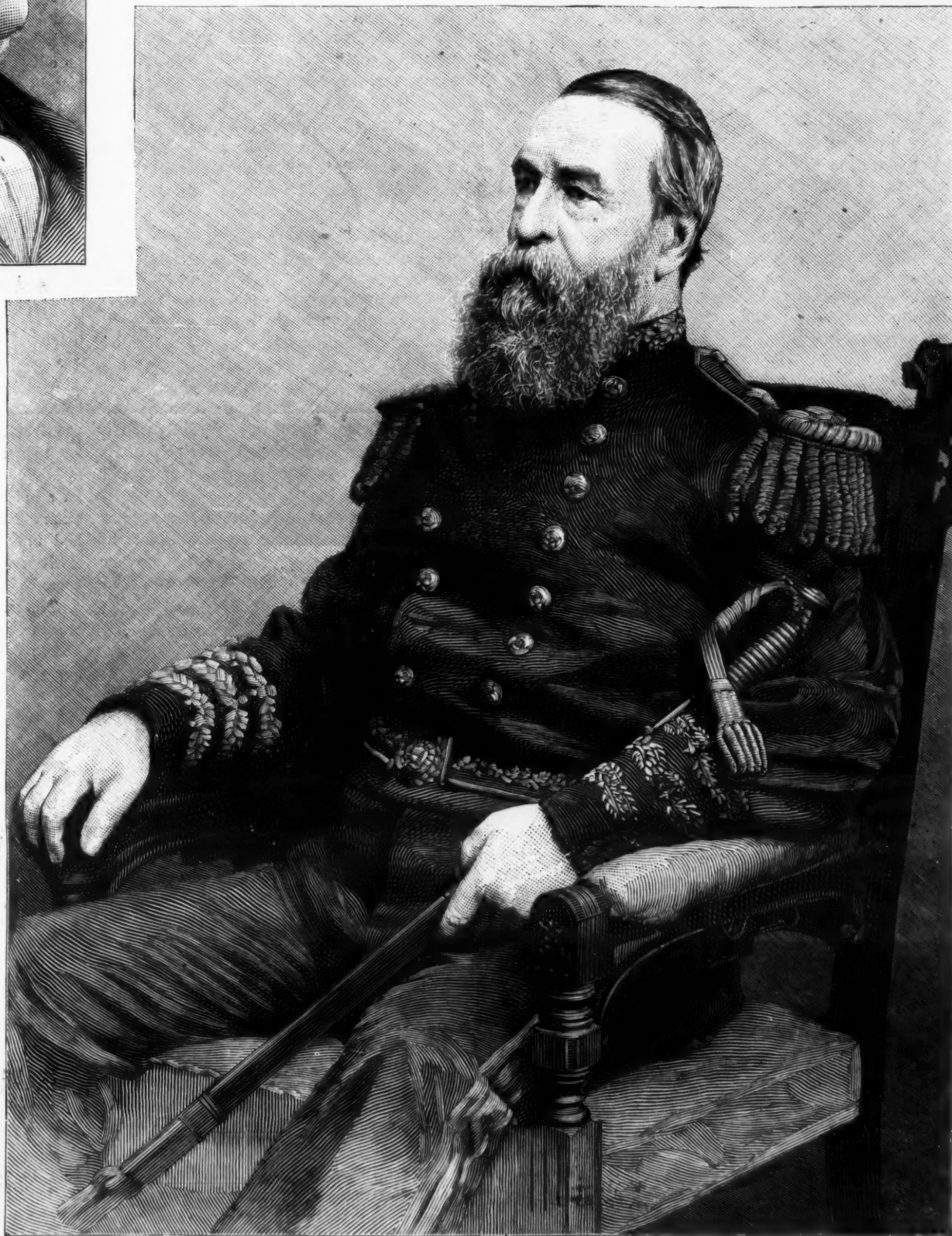
It is too bad that this centennial season of rejoicing should be marred by the discussion of a question involving the valor of an exalted officer of the navy, and the honor of an officer prominent in the Federal army during the Rebellion. The Butler-Porter controversy grew out of the charge by General Butler that Admiral Porter withdrew, with his mortar-boats, from the battle at New Orleans because he was in fear of a floating dock, which he mistook for a mysterious Rebel ram. Admiral Porter brings documents to prove that the charges are baseless, and General Butler says he will meet them with equally convincing documentary proofs on his side. Careful reading of all the statements in the case indicates that the charges are based, in part at least, on a misconception of facts. The accusation against Captain—now Admiral—Porter was publicly made by General Butler in a speech at a Boston banquet, and it is alleged that copies of the speech were in type in the Boston newspaper-offices for days before it was delivered. This shows that the charge was made with deliberation, and not while the maker was laboring, as has been charged, under the stimulation of too much wine. This is not the first time that General Butler and Admiral Porter have been at loggerheads but the present controversy might not have arisen had not Admiral Porter, in a recent publication, taken a large share of the credit for the original plan for the capture of New Orleans to himself and his forces. This statement was promptly criticised, and the criticism no doubt fell under the eye of General Butler, who only awaited an opportunity to open upon his old antagonist.

Witnesses from all parts of the country are hastening to the newspapers-offices with their recollections of the capture of New Orleans, and it is not surprising, considering the length of time that has elapsed, that discrepancies and contradictions are found in the different statements. Thus far Admiral Porter has the better of the argument, inasmuch as he presents official documents from the Navy Department, including a letter from Gideon Welles, when the latter was Secretary of the Navy, in 1862, which support the statement of Admiral Porter, and give to him due credit for his assistance rendered in the

movement against New Orleans. One of the strongest indorsements that Admiral Porter has, however, is found in a letter which he received from Farragut, after the latter had passed the forts, detailing his experiences during the passage, with some of the events that immediately followed. In this letter he says: "If the general (Butler) will come up to the bayou and land a few men, or as many as he pleases, he will find two of our gunboats there to protect him from the gunboats that are at the forts. I wish to get to the English turn, where they have not placed a battery yet; but they have two above, nearer New Orleans. They will not be idle neither will I. You supported us most nobly." The publication of these documents has not diverted General Butler. He says that not only did Porter hasten away from the

scene of the action, but that he also warned his (Butler's) troops to get away as far as possible. He refers to Parton's History, in which it is recited "that Captain Porter's fleet of steamers were coming rapidly down the river, propelled by the report that the celebrated ram *Manassas* was after them." General Butler says that this statement by Parton has been admitted by Porter, who explained it by saying that he was towing his mortar-vessels down for a supply of shells, which General Butler says was unnecessary, for on this occasion there were four or five steamers below Porter which were ready to supply all the shells needed.

It is a singular fact that an officer of the same name, serving in the navy, should have created a sensation second only to that which General Fitz John Porter's case excited.



ADMIRAL DAVID PORTER.

THE BUTLER-PORTER IMBROGLIO OVER THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1889.

THE NEW FRANK LESLIE'S.

THE extraordinary edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY last week was the largest of an illustrated paper of its character that has ever been printed in the United States. It exceeded in number any of our Christmas or other special editions, surpassing even that which was printed during the excitement immediately following the assassination of President Garfield. The removal of the plant of the paper to its commodious new quarters in the JUDGE Building, corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, and the extra labor involved in printing the magnificent Centennial Inauguration number, placed the establishment under great embarrassment. Some of the presses were not in place on time, and it required extraordinary exertions to print the edition. In spite of this, the popular verdict in favor of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is shown by the phenomenal demand for the paper. The presses were running day and night throughout the week; and to meet only in part some of the latest orders, we were obliged to print several thousand of the beautiful covers in only one color. Hereafter we hope to be prepared to satisfy all demands with promptness. Those who were unable to purchase copies should bear in mind that the easiest way to get the WEEKLY with regularity and certainty is by subscribing for it at this office, or at some convenient news-stand. It is to be made the most attractive and popular illustrated publication of its kind in the country. The subscription price is \$4.00 per year. Address, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, JUDGE Building, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAN AN EDITOR BE A CHRISTIAN?

THIS is a subject on which I have been requested to write by the editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The question should be answered by the monosyllabic affirmative in three letters; and that "Yes" printed in a whole column by itself, to call attention and give it emphasis. But, as I understand that the ILLUSTRATED wishes an article that will delay the reader, even if it should not entertain him, I will withdraw the answer and put in a demurrer, as lawyers say.

This will necessitate my maintaining that an editor cannot be a Christian.

An editor is a man who holds in his hands the reputation of each individual composing the community, and the tiller by which public opinion is guided—the flowers of poesy by which the pathway of life may be strewn, and the vials of wrath which may be poured out to the scalding of the nations. He often approaches when his subject sleeps. All his statements are *ex parte*.

If he wishes to deceive the public he can do so. If he chooses, he can repeat the same lie a thousand times after he has become thoroughly convinced that it is a lie; and thus he practices upon the credulity of mankind, who will often accept as true what they hear frequently reiterated. He can obtain information upon the most solemn pledge of secrecy, and then immediately divulge it broadcast. He can imagine that the public expects from him some information on a particular topic, or on every topic, and if he cannot get the facts with regard thereto, he may imagine how those facts might be, and then state his fancies as truths. He can think it more desirable to sell his papers by reason of sensations which they contain than to consider the quality or quantity of those sensations. He can do his best to set different classes of men in antagonism to one another, and feed first one side and then the other with hatred, in order more and more to embroil them, and get both sides to buy his papers. He can tell the most outrageous lies, in order to tear families to pieces or drive individuals to suicide; thereby obtaining two sales for his papers—one by recounting the original scandal, and the other by describing the final catastrophe. He can pour out his sneers upon

everything that is good, and true, and manly, and noble, and pure, and holy. He can be irreverent and blasphemous toward God. He can be scornful and contradictory to the Bible. He can make lying affidavits of the circulation of his paper. He can delight in abusing all his brother-editors. He can bribe people in positions of trust to bring him news surreptitiously. He can put consistency before truthfulness, so that if he has once in mistake asserted an untruth, he will hold that consistency compels him to adhere to it. He can disparage every effort to ameliorate the condition of mankind. He can condemn equality of political rights amongst all classes of citizens. He can shout out for equal laws for all mankind, and apply the term "all mankind" to his own race exclusively. He can virtuously and indignantly denounce people for crimes they never committed. He can set an example of robbing God of His one-seventh part of time. He can argue for freedom for false religions. He can write over self-murderers, "One more unfortunate gone to his rest." He can increase adultery in the community by the licentiousness of his own penning. He can promote theft and perjury by doing those things which in himself he merely calls "expediency," or "a way to obtain your object." He can show that he only wants the whole of this world, and is willing that other people should have any other.

Now, a blind man would say, at first sight, that such a man was not, and could not be, a Christian. No one except that kind of an editor would claim that such an editor could be a Christian.

I hope that this is an imaginary portrait only; and that all editors actually are, or speedily will become, Christians; because they all know that that is the only way to be saved; and in this blaze of the light of the nineteenth century it is idle for any class of the community, no matter of what race or education, to deny that great truth.

Thus you see that I am again changing my mode of pleading; and I wish to withdraw my demurrer and put in an answer. The editor who makes his paper a truthful chronicle of passing events, and who endeavors to mold public opinion into higher forms, with a sense of his responsibility to God and to man, keeping his paper clear from all filth and inciting his readers to better life by the bright examples he sets before their eyes, as well as the pure inculcations which he addresses to their minds, is a very different person from the one supposed in the demurrer; and if the first is not a Christian, it follows *a fortiori* that the latter is a Christian.

A Christian editor may at times have to use strong adjectives, as an artist who would paint a flame must apply burning pigments. He may often find it necessary to chronicle grave crimes, and other events, in order to give his readers an adequate mirror of the world and excite their indignation against such deeds. He may sometimes make mistakes in his judgments of men and their motives, but when convinced that he has done so, he will consider it an honor to do them justice, and a disgrace to continue their perversion. He will encourage charity in the hearts and conversations of all his fellow-creatures. He will be quick to detect the good which is in everybody and all things, no matter how latent or obscured. He will praise well-doing, though it be in an opponent or rival. He will stand for the Constitution and the laws; for the inviolability of the ballot, either in its casting or counting; for public and private honesty and truthfulness; for everything that is lovely and of good report. He will neither himself be, nor allow any one in his employment to be, dishonest or untruthful, or subversive of any of the laws of God, including the Fourth Commandment. He will love to herald the good, bright, happy, noble things in the world; and to tell good things of everybody, being to their faults very blind and to their virtues very kind. He will be a helper in the community—the binder up of men's hearts, and a lifter up of their lives. He will protect the defenseless. He will seek his country's welfare as it is given to him to see that welfare. He will endeavor to diffuse the spirit of amity among all classes of society. He will exercise a noble guardianship over the national honor at home and abroad, in financial, industrial, commercial, social, and political matters. He will endeavor to make marriage attractive, as God's first blessed institution among mankind. He will try to make every one feel that there can be no success in anything except along the lines of duty and of love. He will try to make men, women, and children feel that dishonor alone is disaster, and wickedness alone is shameful; that purity alone is honorable;

that goodness alone is successful; that benevolence is greater than enmity; that truth is better than falsehood; that poverty is impossible with a zealous spirit; that the giving of tithes is obligatory upon all men, no matter how large or how small may be their income; that faith is a necessary precedent to success.

Still, an editor may be, or endeavor to do, all these things, and yet not be a Christian. Christianity is too infinite a thing to settle down into earthly forms, no matter how ingenious or ethereal. Christianity is the state of loving God supremely and one's neighbor as one's self. But neither any other man nor an editor can arrive at that state merely through the process indicated above. Christianity can only be obtained by repentance of sin, and faith in our glorious Lord Jesus Christ and the regeneration of the Holy Spirit. If a man of that kind is an editor, then he will be the kind of an editor described above; but all those things will not make him that kind of a man. He has got to become a Christian through the same simple process as a shoe-maker, a hod-carrier, miner, or illiterate. And yet it is true that an editor of this last description cannot be such unless he is a Christian.

The reader may ask for some illustration of a Christian editor. Now, I would instance, among others, Philip Schaff, one of the most prolific writers and editors of this century, and yet in all his volumes of writings I would defy anybody to put a finger upon a single sentiment that does not appear clearly to emanate from a Christian spirit and with a Christian motive. In the weekly press of our country a much larger percentage of Christian editors is found than in the daily. And yet in nearly every daily press there will be at least one or more writers or editors who are Christians, and they sustain the weight and give whatever good character there is in the paper, although their influence may not be understood or acknowledged by their associates.

Let us hope that all the editors of the country are, or may speedily become, true Christians.

Elliot F. Shepard.

STRENGTHENING REFORM.

IF the Civil Service Reform Association, which met in New York recently, had been inspired by a spirit of fairness, we doubt whether its public reproof of President Harrison's administration would have been permitted. Aside from the fact that there is obvious impropriety and injustice in denouncing an administration that is only two months old, no criticism should have been passed until the President had unmistakably indicated his attitude regarding civil-service reform by the appointment of the two commissioners constituting a majority of the board.

The two appointments have been announced, and we challenge any friend of civil-service reform to find in them just cause for complaint. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, has been one of the most outspoken and radical civil-service reformers in the Republican party, and Mr. Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, the other appointee, is the man whom President Cleveland selected, in the closing days of his official life, as a proper representative of the Democratic party on the commission. Mr. Thompson believes in civil-service reform as ardently as any Democrat in the United States.

When President Cleveland made his first appointment of civil-service commissioners, he selected a vigorous Illinois partisan, Mr. Oberly, who afterward, by his conduct, justified his selection. He also named Mr. Edgerton, of South Carolina, who did not hesitate, after his appointment, to sneer at civil-service rules, in the style of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *New York Sun*. President Harrison delayed his appointment of the new civil-service commissioners, evidently, with but one purpose in mind, and that was to select a representative from each party who should be a fitting exponent of the reform principle, and whose appointment should emphasize the intent and purpose of this administration to carry out the civil-service reform law to its legitimate conclusion.

Much has been heard about the appointment of the successor to Postmaster Pearson. This official was not removed. His term had expired; the vacancy existed, and the appointment of a Republican of unquestioned fitness and integrity was not in any

way an assault upon the reform principle. The first practical manifestation of the President's purpose in reference to civil-service reform is found in his appointment of the civil-service commissioners. The character of his appointees justifies the declaration of the party's platform, of the President's letter of acceptance, and his inaugural address regarding civil-service reform. President Harrison has thus far indicated that he has but three objects in view in the appointment of public officials: First, to secure capacity and fitness for public office; next, to secure high moral character; and finally, to satisfy the public generally. Evidently he believes that his purpose can be accomplished, and with due respect for the fact that this is a Republican administration.

All the vague talk in reference to the neglect of the colored Republicans of the South, and the intention to neglect prominent Republicans of the North, merely because they have been made the victims of Democratic vituperation and slander, counts for naught. It is clear that it is President Harrison's purpose to confer freely with his party friends, but to give his own judgment prime consideration in the making of appointments. He will, no doubt, abide by the results of that judgment, and trust time to prove that it is the judgment of an honest and well-intentioned man, a devoted Republican, and one familiar with the varied experiences of practical politics.

IT IS INEVITABLE.

THE Legislature has sent to Governor Hill what is known as the Excise Commission Bill. It not only reforms and codifies the excise laws, something that has long been needed, but it also increases the license-fees for the sale of liquors, ale, and wine. It is a misfortune from any stand-point that this bill was made a party measure, and that the Democrats in the Legislature voted as a unit against it. It is by no means a perfect measure, but it is in the line of public sentiment. It is heartily indorsed by many prominent Democrats and by some of the ablest Democratic newspapers. The Democratic opposition to it has been inspired by Governor Hill, and his purpose, it is believed and feared, is to veto the measure. It will be a blow to the Democratic party as well as to Governor Hill if this should prove to be the case. It is undeniable that a wave of temperance reform is sweeping over the land. High license has been tried. It is no longer an experiment. Every trial has won to its side some of its bitterest opponents.

It is inevitable that, as the public sense becomes fully aroused to the necessity for restricting the liquor traffic, it will demand the passage of a high-license law in this State, and woe to the political party, Legislature, or Governor who dare stand against it.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE French Revolution of 1789 solemnly proclaimed the rights of man, and the Centennial Exposition of 1889 is an amazing manifestation of the wonders wrought in one hundred years by the free people of France. The scale on which this grand display has been planned and carried out dwarfs every previous effort of the kind. The ground covered stretches along and around the curve of the Seine, from the Trocadéro and the Champ de Mars to the Esplanade of the Invalides, a distance of more than a mile; and the buildings are marvels of grandeur and lightness and strength, worthy in every way of the French skill and taste in architecture. The one that attracts chief attention is the Eiffel Tower, regarded, when first contemplated, as an extravagant fancy, but now seen to be an original and daring conception, worthily carried out. It will be utilized for scientific purposes, never lost sight of in any great French undertaking. Visitors will be lifted—25,000 daily, it is said—to a height of 700 feet of the 1,000 to which this column rises, to enjoy the unequalled panorama below and around them. The tower has cost \$1,000,000, and its weight is between 6,000 and 7,000 tons.

The total number of exhibitors is more than 30,000, and of these 3,500 are in the Department of Fine Arts. Itself a work of art, a panorama is displayed outside of the grounds, to illustrate, by portrait figures appropriately grouped, the history of France for the past century—the history, that is to say, of Europe.

If the French occupy much the largest space in this magnificent exhibition, there is room enough for the arts and the industries of other nations, and the fullest courtesy is extended to every exhibitor of

whatever country. It is an exhibition at once national and universal, both in name and in spirit, and Americans may well feel an honorable pride, as republicans, in the dignified demeanor of the French in presence of the affected non-recognition of their great celebration by certain of the other Powers. Kings and nobles will have it that democracy is fatal to good breeding and to courtesy; and in the general expression of good-will to France and admiration of her splendid achievements, the only jarring note is struck by the Powers that most ostentatiously represent the monarchical and feudal ideas. The Exposition commemorates the downfall of despotism in France, and therefore the kings, even those who could not be despots though they would, must frown upon the festival of a free people. Like their forefathers, these rulers have forgotten nothing, and they have learned nothing; and they do but make it more clear, even to the unheeding, that their day is past, and that the night is at hand for them.

A peculiar sympathy and ties now more than a century old unite the American with the French people. Those who earnestly desire and daily prophesy the downfall of the French Republic are the open or the secret enemies of America. It is for us to rejoice in every sign of prosperity, in every indication that testifies to the resources and the unexhausted power of our great sister Republic, whose tricolor is in the Old World what our starry flag is in the New—the standard and the rallying-point of all who have faith in human freedom. It was but five years after the close of our own tremendous struggle for national existence that the trial came upon France. Eighteen years ago her conqueror withdrew, leaving her, as he believed, wounded to the death; and to-day, throbbing with the most vigorous intellectual and moral life, strong in the strength of liberty, and mistress of her own fate, France may take to herself the heroic lines of the poet upon Rome, unconquered after Cannæ:

"Through ruin and through slaughter she gathers to herself strength and courage from the very sword that smites her."

THE TRUTH COMING TO LIGHT.

SOME plain—almost startling—facts have been elicited by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, which has been examining prominent railroad officials in this city, with reference to the operations of the Interstate Law, and with special reference to the relations of the commerce of the United States to the Canadian lines.

No man in the United States is better qualified, by experience and judgment, to testify concerning railway operations than Mr. Albert Fink, Chairman of the Trunk Line Association. He did not hesitate to say to the honored Senators that the Interstate Law defeated its own purpose, by the clause in it which prohibited pooling of earnings. He said that, without pooling, railway tariffs could not be maintained. He added:

The only difference between the Interstate Law and pooling is that the Interstate Law tries to punish violations, and thus enforce its rules; while pooling adopts a wiser course by taking away all motives for violation, in giving each road a fair share of business. Fighting is avoided in this way. The law does not stop violations, nor can it do so. The five commissioners cannot possibly overlook the thousands of miles of railroads in this country, and the prohibition of pooling is unnecessary, as that is the best method of regulating things that railroads have to do with.

Mr. Fink concisely presented the facts in the case, and his testimony was corroborated by that of every other railroad official who followed him. President King of the Erie Railroad said that the Interstate Law had forced the roads into competition with each other; that it had increased expenses, by forcing the poorer roads to spend money in improvements; that it had made the strong lines stronger and the weak lines weaker, while at the same time it permitted the Canadian lines, which enter the United States and compete with American roads, to continue this competition and escape all the embarrassments and hardships which the law imposed upon American railways.

The most interesting witness who testified was President Depew of the New York Central. He corroborated the statements of those who had preceded him. He declared that if the Interstate Law had permitted pools, it would have accomplished good for the public generally. He advised that the powers of the Interstate Commission be increased, so that the violations of the law by Canadian roads could be promptly punished. Mr. Depew made a significant declaration. He said the Interstate Law would never be completely obeyed until the railroads had a legalized pool. He added: "I am almost prepared to say that a legalized pool, on the one hand, with the

roads, on the other, permitted to make no rates without the consent of the commissioners, would be a combination of benefit to the people."

All these facts go to confirm the oft-repeated statement, made more generally in private than in public, that the depressed condition of railroad securities, the heavy loss of earnings as well as the increase of expenses, can be largely attributed to the operations of the Interstate Commerce Law. A succession of disasters to the weaker lines has followed since that act went into operation. It brought Wall Street almost to the verge of a panic last January. Strangely enough, the very men who clamored for the passage of the Interstate Commerce Law are unable, after years of experience under its operations, to demonstrate that it has benefited the public in the slightest degree.

When the law was passed, the question arose as to its constitutionality. If it is operating to the destruction of the weaker railroads it cannot be upheld by the courts. An interesting decision in point was recently made by the Florida Supreme Court. The Railway Commissioners of that State fixed a tariff of rates for the Pensacola and Atlantic Railroad which that corporation refused to adopt, on the ground that it was unreasonable. The State sued and obtained judgment against the railroad for several thousand dollars. Appeal was taken to the Supreme Court and the judgment of the lower court was reversed, the higher court holding that the reduction by a Legislature or by a State Commission of the rates of a railroad to a point too low to allow or permit it to earn operating expenses was a condemnation of property without due process of law and without just compensation, and was, therefore, tantamount to confiscation and in conflict with the State and Federal Constitution.

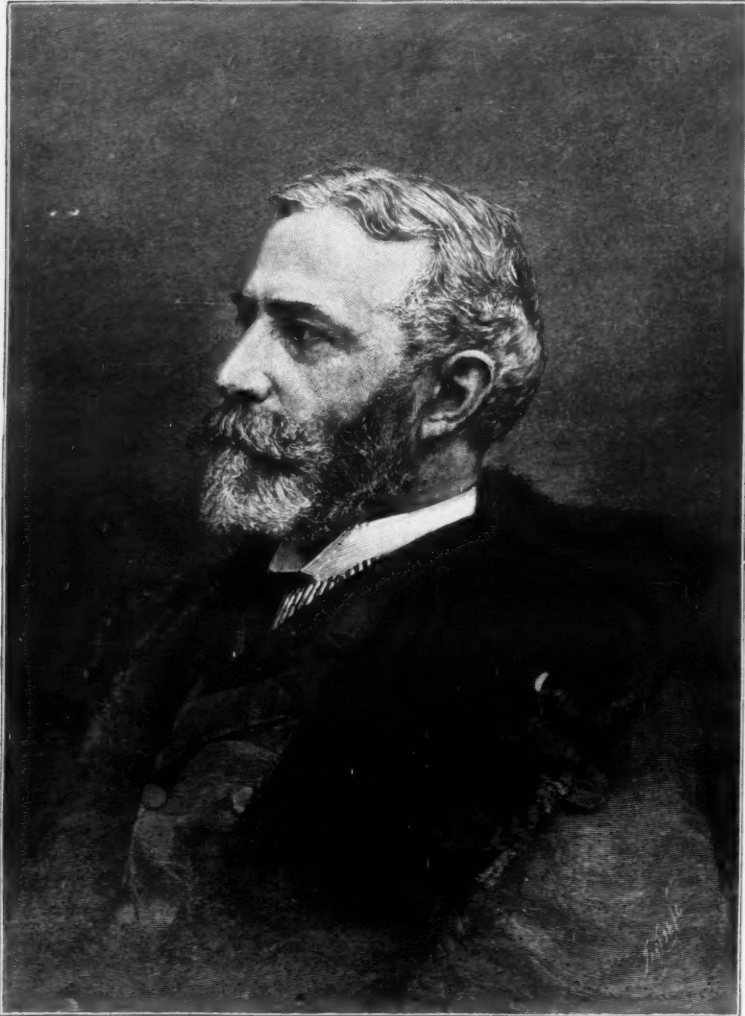
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE new Collector of the Port of New York proposes to put an end to the incivilities and outrages to which ocean travelers have been so often exposed on their arrival here. He has notified the customs inspectors that they will be expected to be fair-minded and considerate in their treatment of incoming travelers; that if any of them are detected in discourtesy, or in "acting as if they own and direct the universe," they will be promptly removed, and that he has no use whatever for officers who have no other ambition than to obtain the percentage on their seizures. It was high time that the insolence of petty officials, which has brought the inspection service into wide disrepute, should be thus sharply rebuked, and it is gratifying to know that Colonel Erhardt is one of those positive men who may be depended upon to do, as to this and all other matters, precisely what he says.

A VERY significant editorial in the New York World of recent date brings to the front the name of Grover Cleveland as a possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1892. The World, which justly prides itself, not only on its democracy, but also on its independence in political matters, says plainly to its Democratic readers that the hope of the party lies in the espousal of reform issues. It puts, in a few words, the best advice that it is possible to give the Democratic party. If the party listens to it, it will make itself strong, and may make itself successful. This is what the World advises:

The Democratic party needs a champion of ballot reform strong enough to bring it into line with the popular demand for free and honest elections. It needs a leader who will condemn and do his best to stop the corrupt use of money by both parties. The Democratic party is an anti-plutocratic, anti-privileged class, anti-overtaxation, anti-bribery party. It wants a vigorous leadership in the line of its principles. And it supremely needs it. If Grover Cleveland can meet this demand, his opportunity is before him.

THE death of Mr. William H. Barnum, of Connecticut, leaves the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee vacant. The friends of Mr. Cleveland, who represent the free-trade element of the Democracy that controls the South, naturally insist that an opponent of protection shall occupy the place. It is no secret that Mr. Barnum had little sympathy with the free-trade movement of his party. Being himself an iron-worker, he had felt the material benefits of protection. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, believed with Mr. Barnum. As one of the most active and prominent politicians in his party, he has naturally been mentioned for the chairmanship, but his close affiliation with Governor Hill, and his avowed opposition to the free-trade views of his party, has aroused a host of antagonists. Thus the contest settles itself down in the public mind between the friends of Mr. Cleveland, representing the free-trade element, and the friends of Governor Hill, representing the Randall or protection element. The outcome will be watched with interest. Each side is wasting time and words in endeavoring to impress upon the public that it is a matter of little consequence how the vacancy will be filled. The astute politicians are on the side of Governor Hill, while the majority is on the other side. The majority does not always control in the Democratic party.



NEW YORK CITY.—COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.
[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 254.]

HON. J. M. SHACKELFORD,

FIRST UNITED STATES JUDGE OF OKLAHOMA AND THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE important position of United States Judge of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory is not one to be contemplated with envy or delight under its present surroundings of "boomers," cowboys, and Indians. And that there will always be a "full docket" is a matter of certainty. But that the new dispenser of justice and law will be equal to the task will not be questioned by any one conversant with the antecedents of General Shackelford, as a soldier and a lawyer. Judge J. M. Shackelford was born on the 7th of July, 1827, in Lincoln County, Kentucky. After attending private schools five years, he was sent to the Stanford Seminary, and remained there two years, and then became a pupil of the celebrated Kentucky educator, James P. Barbour, at Springfield, Ky., under whom he completed his education. He served in the closing year of the Mexican War, and upon his return home studied law. In 1854 he was admitted to the bar, and continued in an extensive practice until the outbreak of the Rebellion, when he raised and organized the Twenty-fifth Regiment Kentucky Infantry, which he commanded at the battle of Fort Donelson, after which he was compelled, on account of failing health, to resign the office of Colonel of the regiment.

In August, 1862, President Lincoln authorized him to raise a cavalry regiment. Two weeks after, he had sixteen hundred men tendered him, from among whom he selected the requisite number to form the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He served with distinction through three years of the war, one of his exploits being the capture of General John H. Morgan, when on his raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, in 1863.

In the East Tennessee campaign he commanded the cavalry corps—sixteen regiments of the Army of the Ohio; on several occasions displaying great gallantry and fine generalship. In January, 1864, having lost his wife, leaving four infant children to be cared for, he resigned his place in the army, and in the same year he left Kentucky and located in Evansville, Ind., and again engaged in the practice of law. In 1880 he was one of the Republican Electors for the State of Indiana, and was appointed by the Electoral College to take the vote on to Washington. In 1888 he was again one of the Republican Electors for the State at large, and was made Chairman of the Electoral College which cast the vote of Indiana for Harrison and Morton. His appointment to the judicial position which he now fills is regarded on all sides as one of the very best, so far, made by President Harrison.

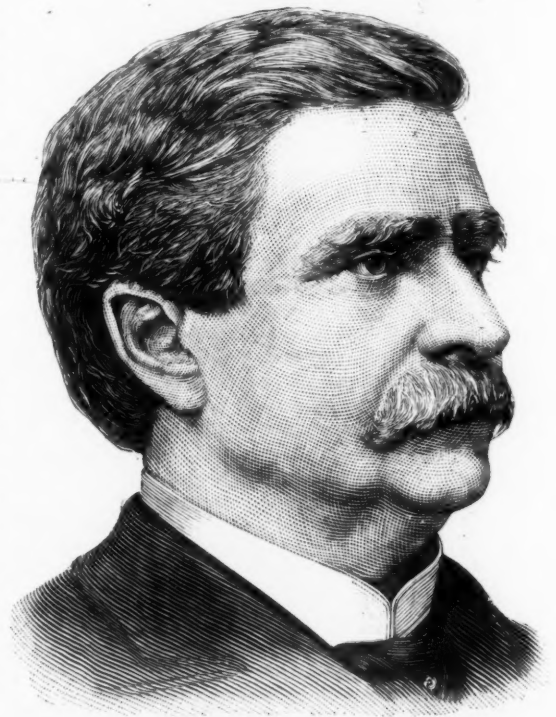
THE SETTLEMENT OF OKLAHOMA.

WE add to our pictorial history of the occupation of Oklahoma two illustrations—one of the first Mayor of Guthrie, and another of the land-office in that marvel of a town, with the would-be settlers "in line," waiting their chance to make land-entries. The Mayor of the young town is Colonel D. B. Dyer, formerly of Kansas City; and he seems to be emphatically "the right man in the right place." He took early steps to clean out the gamblers and other disreputable characters, and law and order have been maintained from the beginning of his administration. With all the rivalries of competing interests, and the disappointments which thousands suffered, acts of violence have been remarkably rare, and the story of Oklahoma affords, as a whole, another striking illustration of the predisposition of the American citizen, under whatever circumstances, to recognize and conform to the demands and invoke the shelter of established law.

Some idea of the growth and present population of Guthrie is shown by the statement of the post-master, that the daily sale of postage-stamps at his office amounts to about \$50; that the eleven clerks in the office are kept busy from five o'clock A.M.



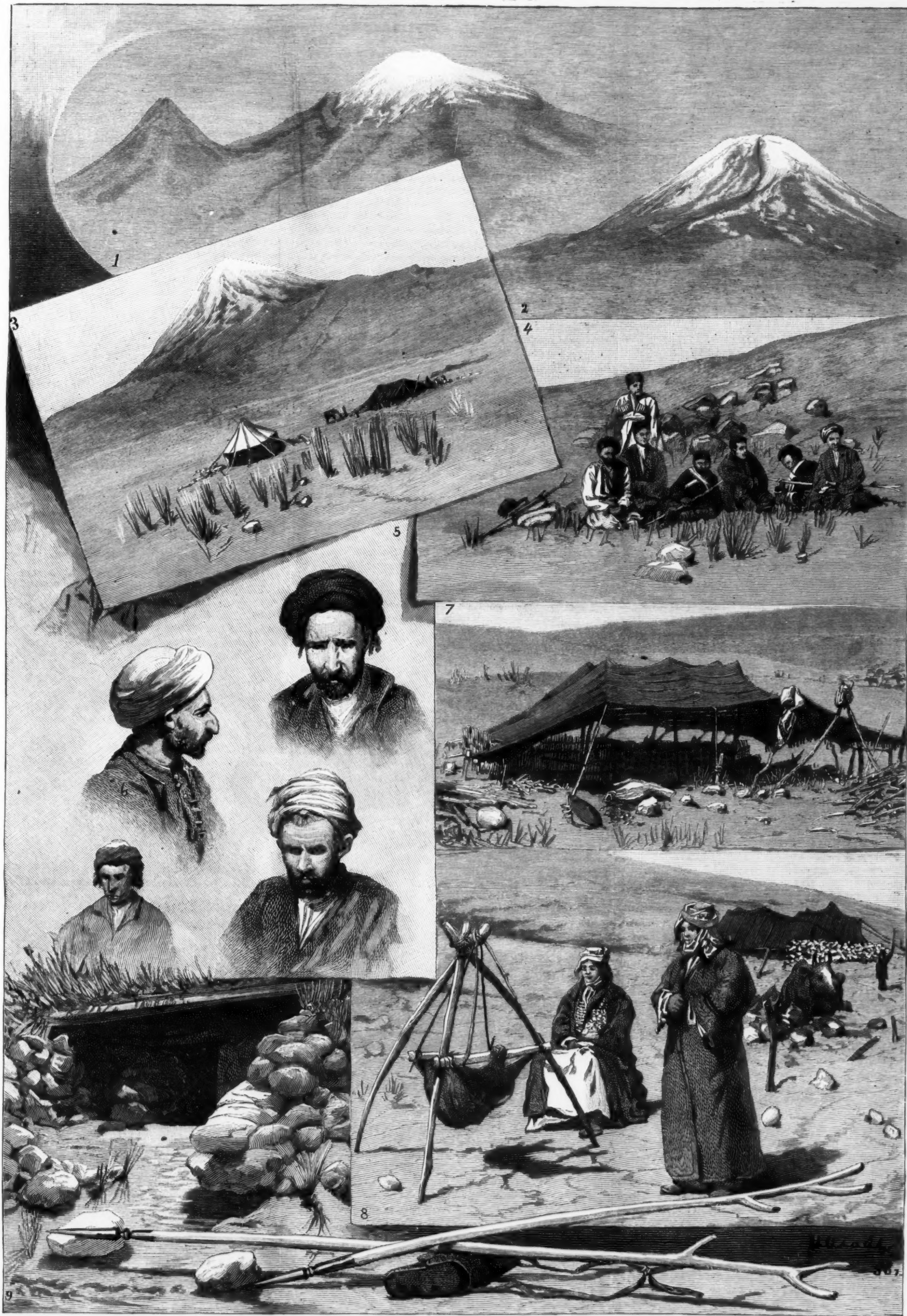
NEW YORK CITY.—THE PUNCH-BOWL VOTED TO THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, AT THE HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL FAIR.
FROM A PHOTO BY SARONY.



INDIANA.—HON. JAMES M. SHACKELFORD, FIRST U. S. JUDGE OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.
PHOTO BY DOUGLASS.



THE OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.—WOULD-BE SETTLERS "IN LINE" AT THE LAND-OFFICE IN GUTHRIE.—FROM A PHOTO BY W. S. ROGERS.



1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREATER AND THE LESSER ARARAT. 2. TOP OF THE GREATER ARARAT—THE LINE INDICATING THE WAY OF ASCENT. 3. CAMP AT SARDAR-BOULAK. 4. THE GUIDES, PARTY, AND PORTERS TAKING REST. 5. TYPES OF THE KURDS. 6. VAYA (A KURD), THE GUIDE. 7. "TCHADRA," A KURDIAN TENT. 8. KURDIAN WOMEN. 9. THE SPRING OF ST. JAMES.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE EXPEDITION.—FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" BY PROFESSOR E. C. MARKOFF, OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—[SEE PAGE 264.]

STRIVING IS WINNING.

COUNT it a triumph if your venture fails;
Only a coward may bewail defeat.
Pick up the broken flag-staff at your feet;
Fling to the winds again its tattered sails:
Never a brave man fails.

Stay not to feebly reckon up your loss;
In the great battle nothing counts but gains.
Talk not of wounds, and prattle not of pains;
Sing of the Crown the while you bear the Cross;
Cowards but count their loss.

Ever to strive is the soul's strongest joy.
What though you miss—fall bleeding in the strife—
Still in your hands you carry the God's life,
Pledge of the conquest that naught can destroy:
Striving is joy—is joy!

Failure may be the measure of success.
Lo, the great captain leading in the fight
Seeth the victory beyond your sight.
What are your gains or losses, more or less?
Failure may be success!

A. L. M.

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A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE AND IN UNIFORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON SMITH."

CHAPTER III.—THE DREAMER.

A Jangling of chains, a snorting of excited horses, a loud shouting, arrested the attention of Cadogan as he sauntered thoughtfully down the valley toward the highway. Pipe in mouth, he stopped in front of the battery of artillery connected with the brigade. As he stood there he saw a

Cadogan approached with a salute, saying:
"General, I will go and bring away the wounded man, and put the halter again on the maddened horse."

The thoughtful eye, the white, careworn face, and drooping mustache struck the attention of the general instantly, and he said, kindly: "Who are you?"

"Cadogan, Company H, Thirty-fifth, sir," he answered.

"Do you know something of horses?" the general asked.

"I know something of all God's creatures which live and suffer," said the soldier.

"Let me see you approach the horse, but be sure you understand yourself," said the general.

The assembled crowd, which had anticipated the brutal sight of the shooting of the beautiful but crazed animal, were astonished and breathless when they saw a slender young man enter the ring, unarmed, and resolutely approach the horse. The eyes of the steed blazed anew, and some thought the mane erected itself with excess of anger as he contemplated the approach of another enemy. The soldier approached to within a rod of the maddened beast, then he stopped, folded his arms, and commenced an almost inaudible, weird, crooning song. The horse reared on his hind feet, and came toward the slender antagonist with head high in air, then dropped down so suddenly that the iron-bound hoofs of his fore feet cut the turf within a few feet of Cadogan. Unceasingly the crooning song went on. The horse grew moody and sad, and moved in a circle around the singer. The sounds grew softer and softer, and the singer moved slowly toward the broken halter and the picket-rope. The horse followed. Then, with bowed head, the singer stood a moment, and the horse came to his place and the halter was adjusted. But now the halter is untied and tossed loosely on the back of the steed, while the soldier walks away toward the general, with the horse following, like a spaniel, at his heels.

"He is a good horse, general; you will not shoot him?" said Cadogan.

The general made no answer, but stood silently contemplating the soldier. At last he said:

"Come to my tent at three o'clock this afternoon; I wish to talk with you," and then he turned and walked away.

"Say, young man," said the captain commanding the battery, "I will give you a hundred dollars if you will tell me how to do that trick."

"Captain," said Cadogan, respectfully, "I could not tell you for a million dollars. It has taken me a life-time to learn it. It is no trick; it is power. I will give you a hint, though. Have you not heard men say of an intelligent horse, 'He understands talk'? Well, you demand more of the horse than you can accord to him in return. You ask him to learn your language, while you cannot understand the language of your horse. Study on this, and you will be on the road to the control of dumb servants who yet have a language. This horse had been abused by a drunken groom. He is the most intelligent horse in the battery. The groom, yonder, who struck the horse unjustly, is not dead; he is in a drunken stupor," and relighting his pipe, Cadogan resumed his walk.

When at three o'clock Cadogan entered, cap in hand, the tent of the general, he found him sitting at his desk, gazing abstractedly at a small piece of paper lying before him. He

looked up and said: "With a guard before my tent-door, it would be childish for me to ask if you had been in here before to-day."

"Yes, general," said Cadogan; "and for a man who had been a student of the unseen forces of nature, it would be more than childish to look for trickery among the Brothers."

The general looked down at the paper before him a moment, and then handed it to Cadogan. In a hurried hand was written on it:

"I will be there at the hour. Cadogan."

"That I have found among my troops an adept is to me a marvel and a pleasure," said the general, in a slow, respectful tone. "and to find that you have discovered in me a devotee of the occult is wonderful, as I supposed not a person in the United States knew of my studies, commenced late in life. To-day, when I saw your marvelous control of a brute, I knew I was in the presence of one who, though a private among my troops, was in reality a master of men. Though young, you have traveled far in advance of older students."

"I have paid the price," said our hero, with a sigh.

"I," said the general, "have been, like tardy school-boys, laggard on the road of knowledge. I have toyed with wisdom until it found me too shallow and superficial to become its confidant, while you have gone on devoting all to her love, and she has become your mistress and friend."

"I have paid the price," Cadogan said again.

"What is the price?" said the general, with asperity.

"The curbing of the appetites until nature, cowed down, a slave, grovels at the feet of will. Hunger is forgotten, while the flesh is radiant with the aureole of spirit-fire within. Sleep is forgotten, while the couch of leaves in the forest suggests no torpor, while the eager ear gathers the notes of night-birds until the master-spirit woos the owl to a perch upon the outstretched hand, and the whip-poor-will trills its cry into my ear from its

resting-place on my shoulder. The secret of the massing of the locusts is learned, and they cover me as a shroud. I become a brother to the rugged felines of the jungle, and their cubs disport about my feet. I am, again, the primitive Adam of allegory, and the inferior creations of God lick my hand and take their names from me. In the nineteenth Christian century, by cleansing and abstinence, man is again a little lower only than the angels of God. I have paid the price," said Cadogan, again.

"And it is not a dream," said the general, softly.

"If it be a dream that a palace lies beyond, when a beggar touches the heavy doors of a king's home, then it is a dream that man enjoys when he becomes a ruler of nature's forces, that beyond lies immortality and eternal peace. It is no dream, general. The eye which flinches and wearies at the dim haze of distance should reach the stars. The ear which strains to catch distant music should hear the waters lap against the reeds of Ceylon, and the hand which transcribes a thought at arm's length should spell its meaning on snowy sheets a thousand miles away. Man should be again like his Maker. Even death and life should be the slaves of imperial man. The heart should beat at man's behest, or slow its currents down to sluggish tides through waiting years. The soul should come forth from the chrysalis body and soar away on glad errands, and come back unwearied to its home again. I see you grow pale. I run on too rapidly for the slow feet of the neophyte. Ah, you call me young, but how know you my age? How can you tell if I have not sat in councils of kings before the Pyramids were built? Life goes on in stages. I may have lurked beside the street when Coriolanus coveted an offered crown. I may have heard Hannibal exhort his troops in Italy, and yet I am now a common soldier in a republican army. Do I move too fast for you, general?"

"No," said the general, "I have dreamed all this; and yet, Cadogan, I am fearful at times that our teachings are but dreams, and that the simple faith of the Nazarene were best. Ah, if these mighty powers, vouchsafed to the adept in occult lore, be but common manifestations of an unrevealed natural law and have naught to do with the immortal soul! I will be your pupil, Cadogan. You are my master, but beware lest it all be a dream."

A look of pain crossed Cadogan's face, and then he turned his eyes fixedly on the roof of the tent. Presently he smiled, and there dropped from the roof of the tent a rose dripping with dew. The general reverently took it up, pressed it to his lips, and then, as he took Cadogan's hand, said: "It cannot be a dream. I will go with you on into life's future. Hold my hand."

CHAPTER IV.—THE LOVER.

THE damp, raw days of March had passed away, and April had come with its swelling buds and opening leaves, and the camp at Triune had assumed all the appearance of a city of tents. The long, straight streets were cleanly swept each morning, and the dividing avenues between regiments or brigades had become smooth highways. The sutlers had erected permanent stores, and groups of contented soldiers stood about them, trading, smoking, and chatting. Squads of drummer-boys were led reluctantly away by the grizzled old drum-major to a retired spot up the valley, where for two hours they were to learn and practice the mysteries of the perdididdle, flam, and drag beats. The morning drill was over, with the exception of squads of recruits, which were led by drill-sergeants to open places in the grove, and were there put through the facings, or for hours left the ground with their feet, to the monotonous calls of *Right! Left! and Mark time—March!*

The officers were congregated beneath the trees, smoking, and reading the daily papers. Such was the camp of instruction at Triune in 1863.

"Cadogan," said Campbell, "you will report at head-quarters, completely equipped, in a half-hour, to do provost duty at a house about a mile from here."

Cadogan knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and turned to throw his property into his knapsack.

"It is a soft job," said Campbell, "just to sit on the front piazza and keep stragglers from marauding on the premises. If the people like you, you will be asked to sit at the table and dine with the family. You can stand your musket in a corner and read all day. I will come out and see you every day."

"Thank you," said Cadogan, as he opened his cartridge-box and counted his supply of cartridges.

"And," said Campbell, with emphasis, "the mistress of the plantation is the handsomest young woman you ever saw. I wish I had your detail."

"Won't the orderly-sergeant change it and send you out?" asked Cadogan, as he stopped his preparations for a moment.

"What a muff you are, Cadogan!" said Campbell, with a laugh. "You are the handsomest fellow in the company, and yet you never speak to a girl. I tell you, old man, I had a crying-spell when we left Gallatin. There was one of the nicest little girls there, and I am going to hunt her up, after this cruel war is over, and take her North with me."

Cadogan was busy, now, stowing his rations into his haversack and, seemingly, heard nothing Campbell was saying. With a snort of anger, Campbell went out and left him.

The Johnson estate was situated about a mile south of Triune, and was a grand property. A hint, at least, might be seen now of what it had been before the war. The big house, as it was called, was a noble structure, and a typical Southern home. Long, low, and rambling, but commodious, it stood on a commanding hill in the centre of the estate. It was surrounded by verandas, and we might imagine how its hospitable open doors and chair-covered piazzas looked in ante-bellum days. At the rear were long rows of whitewashed and well-kept negro cabins. But planting was not the vocation of its owner. Even at that time the hundreds of acres of rich pastures were dotted with choice stock, not yet driven off by friends or foes. The slaves were the drivers and feeders of the yearlings, two-year-olds, and brood-mares which were famous all over Tennessee. The aged planter was dead, the son was with Buckner in the Confederate Army, and Addie Johnson, the young mistress, was managing the estate alone.

"You will make yourself at home here," said the corporal to Cadogan. "See that property is not interfered with, report any marauding, and do not leave the grounds. You need not stand



"YOU WILL REPORT AT HEAD-QUARTERS IN A HALF-HOUR."

crowd of men fall back from the picket-rope, along which the horses of the battery were tied.

"Look out there, he is loose!"

"What is it?" asked Cadogan.

"A horse has killed his groom, and strikes at every one who approaches him. The brigadier-general has ordered him shot, and one of the men has gone to get a musket," said a voluble little postilion, as he ran back toward our hero. Cadogan sighed as he turned and walked toward the picket-rope. A wide circle of excited men had formed around the frenzied animal. Some of the men were talking excitedly, some were calmly smoking, and all were watching the maddened steed with deep interest. He was the centre of the wondering group. He was a handsome bay, in fine condition, and he stood now with raised head and beautifully arched neck, while his hot breath came in swift puffs upon the March air. Cadogan read the story as easily as if it had been printed at large. A man was lying in front of the desperate horse, with a bruised and bleeding face. His hat was crushed beneath the horse's stamping and uneasy feet, while close beside the picket-rope, where it had evidently fallen in the contest, lay one of those hickory sticks which are used in baling hay. Cadogan read the whole story at a glance—the abuse, the resentment, and finally the sudden and awful vengeance of the enraged animal.

"Here comes the general," said the men, and they respectfully made room in the circle for the commanding officer to enter and look on the strange scene.

"Why does not some one pick up that man and care for him?" the officer asked.

"That hoss will kill any man that comes near him," said the little postilion.

"Well," said the general, "I have a man here with a musket, and he will shoot the horse; but it is too bad—he is a noble beast."

on guard, only keep your musket in sight, sleep on the veranda nights, and wait further orders."

As the corporal turned to go back to camp, Cadogan looked about him to take in the situation. Then he leaned his musket against the edge of the veranda, filled his pipe, took a book from his knapsack, and fell to reading.

Gradually the sun sank, and the heavy whirring of the buzzards, as they gathered in flocks and narrowed into solid groups while they drew near the forest back of the house, attracted the reader's momentary attention. Then the dusk came on, and he heard the cries and laughter of the dusky little slave-children as they gathered into the cabins. He tried to read a moment longer, but the sudden April nightfall baffled his eyes, and he was about to replace the book in his knapsack when he heard a rich, deep, feminine voice say:

"Ah, Robert, you run too many risks. It is only a mile to camp, and the Federals would give a good deal to capture a Confederate colonel."

"Sister, this is my home. I hungered for another sight of the old house. I wondered how you could be able to manage the estate in our absence. I should have come had I known I should risk my life. Are you safe, so near a camp of the Yankees? I am sure they owe us no good will, and I have been apprehensive."

"Why, Robert, I have received only kind treatment from the Yankees, as you call them. Even to-day I asked for a guard, and one is promised to me, to remain on duty while the army is here."

"Lucky," said the masculine voice, "that he has not been sent yet, or I might not get back to Columbia to-morrow."

Then the voices died away, and Cadogan sat quiet as the night grew darker and darker. No one ever knew his thoughts and conclusions, but he did not sleep that night. He sat and listened to the call of night-birds and the sighing of the wind. When the stir of nature told him that a new day was dawning, he heard also the occasional jingle of a sabre, carefully carried in hand, or the stumbling of a careless foot against an unseen stone, and he knew a cordon of cavalry was being stationed about the house. Softly he crossed the veranda and knocked on the window where he had heard the voices. The window was gently raised, and a feminine voice asked:

"Who is there?"

"I am the guard you requested. I am on duty here since last evening. Wake up your brother, Colonel Johnson, and tell him to come here instantly. Ask no questions, but send him here."

"Colonel Johnson is not here—" she began.

"Madam, the house is surrounded with cavalry waiting for daylight, to arrest him. He cannot escape. Now, send him to me and I will save him."

"I am here already. I heard your voices. I am also armed. Now, my fine fellow, what do you want?" said a masculine voice in the darkness.

"Colonel," said Cadogan, "the house is surrounded. Speak low and answer my questions honestly, if you wish to live. Are you here as a spy?"

"I am not," answered the voice.

"Have you secured any information to carry away which may inure to the injury of our army?" asked Cadogan.

"Honestly, I have not. I am here to visit my sister. She was alone, and I yearned to see my home and her once more," said the colonel.

"Then step out here on the veranda," said Cadogan. "Take off your uniform, roll it up, and put it in my knapsack. Take from the knapsack my dress uniform and put it on, cap and all. Now take my gun and walk down to the gate, and challenge the first soldier you meet. You are Campbell of Company H, Thirty-fifth, and are out here with Cadogan of the same company, who lies asleep on the veranda. Go on, quick!"

Cadogan laid down, and was soon apparently asleep with the knapsack under his head. He soon heard a challenge, a whispered conversation, and the rustling of a hundred feet as they closed up around the house. Pretty soon he felt a prod of a sabre, and sprang up, saying:

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here, asleep, and a rebel colonel in the house?" said an officer.

"Somebody has been lying to you, I guess," said Cadogan, yawning. "I have been on guard here since four o'clock last night, and I have seen no colonels going into the house."

"It was a nigger who told you, anyway, wasn't it, cap?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, but they are generally straight," he answered. "But how comes two of you on post here, anyway?"

"Campbell was put on, and I came down to visit with him," said Cadogan.

"You are a suspicious-looking chap, anyway, and you will have to go to camp and show yourself straight," said the angry officer.

"All right," said Cadogan, as he took up and shouldered his knapsack.

"Did you find any one?" asked the captain of a sergeant who had searched the house.

"Not a soul; only Miss Johnson and her colored girls," said the angry sergeant.

"It's a cursed pretty how-d'ye-do. Up all night and nothing to show for it. I've got through following up nigger yarns. Here, I'll take your name and you need not go back to camp with us. Cadogan, eh! Well, all right. Fall in, men," and the captain lit a cigar; then, as they filed out of the gate, he said to the tall soldier with the musket: "You are all right and attending to business. What's your name? Yes, Campbell. I'll report you all right."

The stalwart colonel saluted the captain, and stood with shouldered musket. Cadogan stood dreamily watching the rising sun until the cavalry contingent had galloped off down the pike. Then the Confederate took off the blue cap, bowed, and said:

"Sir, I wish to thank you in terms such as one gentleman should use toward another, but I cannot. I can only say, God bless you, and trust I may sometime have the power to pay a tithe of my debt."

Cadogan did not hear him. He stood in a trance of admiration, and said:

"Can we blame the Persians for making a deity of the grandest object God ever put in nature—the sun? Is not all life derived from the sun, from the blade of grass up to man? See the world awake silently. No call is heard, but millions of forms of life stir at the sun-god's call."

The colonel looked on the rapt face, and reaching out his hand, touched the enthusiast. He collected himself, and turned with a smile.

"You did not hear my words; will you understand this?" and the rebel officer folded the slight form of Cadogan in his arms.

"Yes," said he, "I understand. I was your Providence. Change the garments back and bid your sister farewell. This will not end the search." Then he turned to the veranda and was soon plunged in deep study over a book he drew from his pocket. When the demands of hunger drew his attention, he said, in soliloquy:

"I am disturbed in thought. I am not at my mental poise. It will take me many days to get back where I was in mastery of emotion. I saw no one in the dark, yonder, but I heard a voice—a mellow, rich, vibrating voice—and I am not now the philosopher."

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

THE Twenty-eighth Annual Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, held in Philadelphia last week, was attended by about 1,000 delegates, representing not only the United States and Canada, but England, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, and other countries. Among the representatives from foreign countries are M. H. Holder, of London; Baron von Starck, of Berlin; Carl Fries, of Stockholm; E. Hoffer, Secretary of the Zurich Association; Robert Burn, Secretary of the Aldersgate branch of the London Association; Robert McCann, Traveling Secretary for Ireland; Viscount Michima, a Japanese nobleman of Tokio; and John T. Swift, corresponding member of the International Committee of the Association in Japan. The reception of the foreign delegates was very cordial, and the proceedings were deeply interesting throughout. Mr. Humphrey B. Chamberlain, of Denver, Col., was elected president of the convention, with nine vice-presidents, and Mr. George B. Townsend, of Chicago, as secretary. The questions discussed related to the general work of the associations and the best methods of promoting it.

The report of the International Committee shows the total number of associations to be 1,273, of which 1,110 show an aggregate membership of 195,456—a large increase in every particular over the last biennial report. The total net property of the associations reporting is \$8,944,685.

The next International Convention will be held in Kansas City, Missouri.

THE BUCKING HORSE.

MOST persons who have witnessed the vicious and acrobatic antics of the "bucking broncos" in Buffalo Bill's and other wild Western shows have supposed that the animals were merely acting a part to which they had been trained, like the trick-mule of the circus. The fact is that these traits are in the nature of the beast; and what the horses do on exhibition is as nothing to the diabolical contortions which they go through when endeavoring to unseat a cowboy rider on their native prairies. The broncos of the South-west, like the cross-bred Indian and cayuse ponies of Montana, are not usually broken until they are four or five years old, and then their training is of the rudest and most impromptu character. Individual animals, like individual men, exhibit tempers and idiosyncrasies of their own; but even the best-tempered cow-ponies will sometimes buck on a frosty morning. Such "mavericks" are turned over to hands who make a specialty of conquering horses that are determined not to be ridden; for a great many thorough cowboys who are good horsemen in the sense of being able to get the best work out of their string of steeds in a round-up do not pretend to be able to sit a hard-pitching or vicious animal. The horse-tamer, with his wonderful lariat, brings the rebellious horse to the ground by a noose around one of the fore feet; then he mounts, and pursues his dare-devil, anti-bucking tactics until the shaggy pony is dazed and cowed into meek submission. This interesting process is depicted in a series of extraordinarily spirited and life-like sketches on page 265.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, just appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission, is a well-known figure in New York politics, having been for several years identified with the reform elements of his party. He was born in New York, in October, 1858, was educated at Harvard, and studied law for a year; when, in 1881, he was elected to the Legislature as a Republican, and re-elected in the two years following. He soon obtained a prominent position, and was the originator of many bills for the relief of the tax-payers of New York and the improvement of the city government. In 1884 he was largely instrumental in carrying out the State civil-service law and an act regulating primary elections, and secured other legislation tending to the correction of abuses and the reduction of extravagance in municipal affairs. In 1886 he was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, but was beaten. He has important interests in Dakota, where he spends a good deal of his time.

Colonel Hugh S. Thompson, also appointed a civil-service commissioner, is a native of South Carolina, and is about fifty-two years of age. He was graduated at the South Carolina Military Academy in 1856. When the South went into revolt, he joined the Confederate army, and after the war he became principal of the Columbia Male Academy, which he raised to a high rank. In 1882 and 1884 he was elected Governor of South Carolina, serving in that office until December, 1886. In June, 1886, he was made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, which office he held until the close of the Cleveland administration. He was nominated by President Cleveland for a place on the Civil Service Commission, but the Senate did not act upon the nomination.

PERSONAL.

EX-MINISTER PHELPS will resume his duties as professor in the Yale Law School.

THE trial of General Boulanger by the French Senate Committee is to be expedited.

It is said that Mr. John A. Enander, who was appointed Minister to Denmark, will not be able to accept the office, owing to serious illness.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, is no longer able to indulge in equestrian exercise, and is, in fact, so feeble that he cannot safely be left alone.

SIR CHARLES DILKE is again a candidate for the British House of Commons. He seems to have emerged from the eclipse which for a time obscured his political prospects.

THE sum of \$1,500 has been subscribed in London toward a fund for Captain Murrell of the British steamer *Missouri*, who rescued the passengers of the steamer *Danmark* in mid-ocean.

JAMES D. FISH, the ex-president of the Marine Bank of New York City, who was convicted of misapplying the funds of the bank and causing its failure, was released from Sing Sing on the 11th instant.

ADMIRAL KIMBERLY, of the United States Navy, has endeavored to arrange peace in Samoa, but Tamasese insists upon being made king, as the price of his acquiescence in the suspension of hostilities.

At the banquet of the New York Southern Society, in this city, on May 3d, the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina sat side by side. Everybody knows what the former said to the latter.

THE President has appointed Frank W. Palmer, of Illinois, to be Public Printer; Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, to be Civil Service Commissioners, and Arthur L. Thomas, of Utah, to be Governor of Utah.

THE report that Secretary Windom was seriously ill seems to have no better foundation than the circumstance that he shut himself up in his house with a clerk or two, and in the quiet of his library turned out more business in an hour than he could do in a week in the department, where he is overwhelmed with callers.

MISS KATE DREXEL, second daughter of the late F. A. Drexel, one of the well-known bankers of Philadelphia, has entered a convent. Should she remain in the order she has assumed, her fortune of \$7,000,000 will be relinquished to the Church, unless an heir is born to her married sister. In the latter event the entire estate at the death of the daughters goes to such heir.

SAMUEL BRANNAN, who died at Escondido, Cal., on the 5th inst., had the distinction of having been at one time the richest man in the Golden State, and then for some years almost penniless, having lost as much as \$5,000,000 in a single venture, and then other millions by failure of his mining enterprises. A land-grant in Lower Mexico saved his later years from absolute poverty.

MR. PARNELL has been elected a member of the (British) National Liberal Club. The cross-examination of the Irish leader before the Parnell Commission was continued last week; but nothing of importance was elicited. Mr. Parnell declared most positively that he had no relations with the "physical force" party, and said that any member of the League who would advocate the use of dynamite would be a traitor.

PREPARATIONS are already under way at Deer Park for the expected visit of President Harrison this summer. A cottage has been secured for him, and it will be ready for occupancy at short notice. Secretary and Mrs. Windom have engaged apartments at the hotel, and Commissioner of the Census Porter will map out his plans in the same elevated neighborhood. Deer Park has been for many years a favorite summer resort of the Harrison family.

EMMA ABBOTT will erect, at Gloucester, Mass., a monument to her late husband, Eugene Wetherell, that will cost \$85,000. It will be composed of various species of marble. Beneath it will be a vault, to contain two bodies. Above is a canopy supported by four columns of Gothic style, on the top of which is a figure of Hope. The whole is fifty-four feet high. When Miss Abbott dies her body will be cremated, and the ashes will be placed near the remains of her husband.

SECRETARY RUSK was challenged the other day by his chief clerk to a mowing-match on the grounds of the Agricultural Department in Washington. "I can mow all around you," said the clerk. The Secretary seized a scythe, the subordinate followed, and both began to mow in approved style. The tall form of the Secretary moved rapidly along a wide swath, amid the plaudits of an admiring crowd attracted by the unusual spectacle, while the clerk more modestly held his own in the contest. But he didn't make good his boast of mowing all around the Secretary.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER proposes to make the Whitney mansion in Washington, of which he is now the owner, even more attractive than it was formerly. The ball-room which Secretary Whitney added to the house, when he took it from ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen, is to be completely redecorated and improved; and there are hung some of Mr. Wanamaker's art treasures that he has already had brought from his Philadelphia home. Munkacz's famous picture, "Christ Before Pilate," for which Mr. Wanamaker paid \$120,000, is not in Washington, and probably will not be taken there. But there are some beautiful specimens of modern French art upon the walls of this ball-room.

THE Duke of Marlborough's American wife was presented at the last drawing-room of Queen Victoria, and is said to have carried herself handsomely. In every movement the duchess showed ease, grace, and the effects of careful drilling gone through. Though many critical eyes were upon her, she never hesitated for a moment or made a single mistake. After the royal kiss, the Queen held the duchess by the hand for a moment, and spoke a few words of kindly welcome. She wore very fine diamonds, some of them being historic, as having been worn by the great Duchess of Marlborough at Queen Anne's Court. The American wife of Mr. Chamberlain, who was also presented, is said to have captured the Queen outright.



H. B. CHAMBERLAIN, PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION.

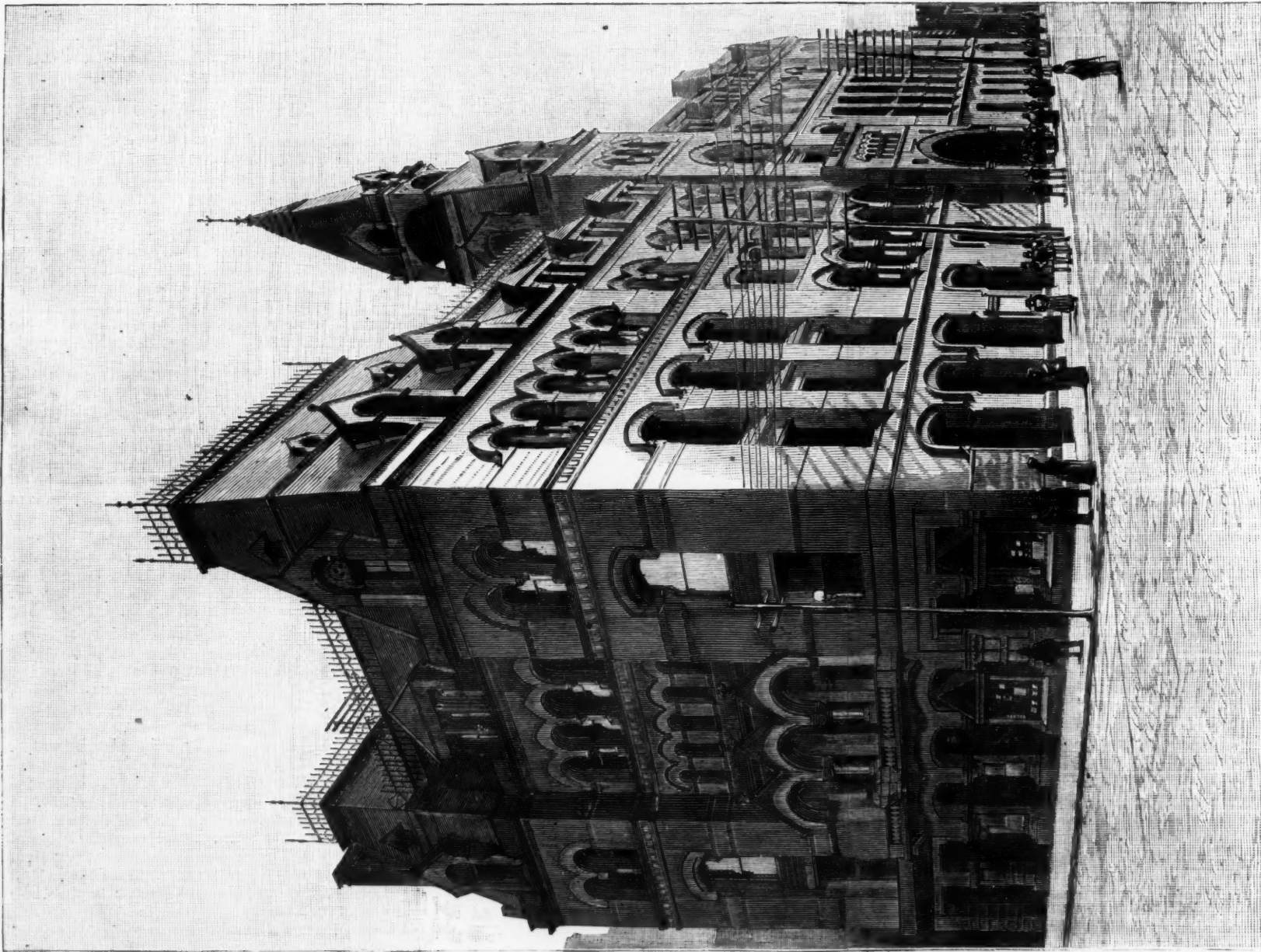


CARL FRIES, GENERAL SECRETARY, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.



ROBERT BURN, SECRETARY OF LONDON ASSOCIATION.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE TWENTY-EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, HELD IN PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8TH TO 12TH.—THE PLACE OF MEETING AND PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE LEADING PARTICIPANTS.—[FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 259.]



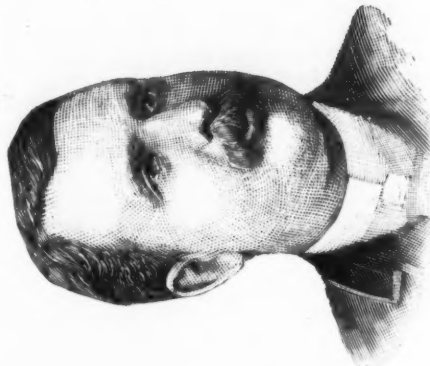
EXTERIOR VIEW OF HALL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, CORNER OF CHESTNUT AND FIFTEENTH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.



ROBERT McCANN, TRAVELING SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.



E. HOPPER, SECRETARY OF ZURICH ASSOCIATION, SWITZERLAND.



HENRY J. MCCOY, SAN FRANCISCO.



THE TENNIS COURT.

THE NEW SOCIETY FAD.—AN AMATEUR CIRCUS ENTERTAINMENT, AT BAYCHIFFER, WHICH INTERESTED THE "FOUR HUNDRED"—THE "BABY ELEPHANT" ACT.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. DONNELL.—[SEE PAGE 263.]

FOR DAYBER'S ECHO: THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—"ON GOD'S CERTAIN BELL—THOUGH LATE—
STRIKE!—TWO!"

ARNOLD ANSON had, probably, no personal hopes left him, no hopes whatever. His only desire, henceforth, could only be the putting away from others the good which he had failed to win for himself. He kept in hiding during the early part of the day which followed the tragedy upon the beach below Echo Rock. He expected, naturally enough, that the dead body of William Flintacre would be found on the beach, cast up by the waves as a testimony against the cruel hand of secret murder. He expected, too (was that natural, or the opposite?), that suspicion would point an accusing finger at him, and at him alone.

When some hours had passed, and there was still no alarm—no excitement—he ventured out among men again. He had no questions to ask. He dared ask none. How easy it would be to ask something that would bring trouble, serious trouble, to himself, and in a future very near at hand.

Noon, and nothing had been discovered. Noon, and no one had raised the alarm that a dead man had been found on the sands at Dayber's Echo. Why? Had no one looked there? Was the dead man waiting until some one should come? Was he waiting patiently—very patiently?

Anson could bear it no longer. He must know the worst. He hired a carriage, at the village, to carry him to Dayber's Echo. He directed the driver to wait for him. He hurried down to the beach. He paced anxiously along it for a mile. He walked hurriedly and hopefully back. The beach was empty of any such burden as he had feared it might have. For a little time he felt free again. Once more he dared to think hopefully of Maude Dayber—dared it in spite of all that had happened.

He drove back to the village. It was three o'clock, and the town was wild with excitement—almost mad with excitement!

How horrible! And yet, what could he do but wait? He dared not try to slip away unseen, for he dreaded the heavy hand which might fall upon his shoulder—he feared the harsh voice he might hear saying, "You are my prisoner!" Strange—no suspicious eye was turned toward him! Strange—when he had to bite his lips to keep from going up to some one, saying, "In Heaven's name, when and where did they find him? For God's sake, tell me if any one dares think I did it?"

Do you see, kind reader, the terrible nature of crime? Do you see how, to the guilty, all nature has only one story to tell, and that the story of guilt?

Anson caught something of the marvelous rumors which were going from lip to lip. Strangely enough, to his overwrought mind, the rumors had nothing to do with William Flintacre, and seemed to have little to do with him. Once having heard the strange news—the central and fundamental fact of it—he was ready enough to question.

He took care, of course, to question guardedly.

"Della Dayber has returned."

"When?"

"To-day."

"Where is she?"

"At Dr. Pillah's house."

"Ah? She is his friend, then?"

"I think not. Though no one knows."

"Why do you think not?"

"Because she has obtained his property on mortgages."

"Why is she here?"

"To claim the possession of Dayber's Echo."

"On what grounds?"

"On the ground that she owns a place they call Valley Park Academy, and—"

"Well?"

"And on the additional ground that Nathan Dayber is dying insane."

"Isn't she some pretender? some impostor?"

"Not at all. Several have seen her. She has changed but little in all the years that have passed."

"How does she expect to gain possession?"

"By purely legal means. Mr. Bond, so it is said, is with her now."

"Where has she been all these years?"

"No one knows."

"Why did she go away?"

"No one knows."

"Who is she? What is her name?"

"No one knows, unless it is Mr. Bond."

That was about the substance of the conversation between Anson and the man with whom he had talked. It could hardly, all things considered, be regarded as a satisfactory sort of interview.

It was now four o'clock. Anson went to dinner, but ate little.

Anson went moodily over to the residence of Dr. Pillah. Of course he had no doubt regarding the identity of the woman who had arrived there. She was, undoubtedly, Della Dayber—and his mother. Still, he felt he must be sure; there must be no mistake in the matter—no mistake whatever.

He did not go in; he did not intend to. He had nothing to do with this woman who had given him life, nor did he desire to have; though he still clung to the wild desires he had gained from the hot current of her blood, flowing in his veins—though Dayber's Echo, gone, apparently, beyond his reach forever, still seemed to him the chief good in all the world—better than honor, better than fame, better than wealth worthily won, and better than love—he still wished to have nothing to do with this woman—this woman who had planted the seeds of death within him, as well as given him life.

He passed leisurely along near the old doctor's house. The window was open. He could see, clearly, all that was going on inside. He thought, with a nervous little catch of the breath,

that he could hear, too, if excitement would only betray the inmates into speaking a little louder than usual.

His mother was standing in the centre of the room, her whole attitude one of pitiless resolution. Mr. Bond, the good lawyer and true friend of the good Daybers, leaned against a high-backed chair not far away; his whole manner betokened an earnest expostulation—and seemed almost ready to descend to unreasoning pleading, if this sort of thing should go on thus much longer. Taken all in all, it was a strange sort of interview of which Dr. Arnold Anson was getting a glimpse, and of which he was to hear a little—a very little, before it was done.

The woman said something; the lawyer shook his head. And then—the woman suddenly thrust out her hands before her with a gesture of dramatic force; her eyes seemed to blaze with the intensity of her feelings.

"I tell you I have kept these hands white—white!" she cried.

Anson passed on, a curse stirring his scornful lips.

Five o'clock! And your day—your last day—going fast!

He walked back to the village. He could not sit down and rest. He tried to eat. He could not swallow a mouthful. He got out into the open air, and hurried away into the open country. He walked for three long hours. He was fighting out, with himself, the last and most horrible battle he had ever fought with Fate against the cruel stain of his unfortunate heredity.

At the end of an hour and a half he turned to retrace his footsteps; he was half conquered. At the end of the three hours he was back in the village, utterly vanquished.

He went into a store where sporting goods were sold. He made some purchases. He walked slowly away toward Dr. Pillah's house—slowly, but without the least hesitation.

"I wonder what old Peter Pillah is to her, or she to him?" he muttered. "I think it strange that she should be here, in his house, and in his absence. I don't half believe the story of her having gained this property on the foreclosure of mortgages. What reason had Pillah for mortgaging his property to such a ruinous degree? And how would that account for the interest he has had in her and her success?"

"I—I said it would be a fight with Peter Pillah," he continued; "a fight to the death. Somehow I cannot help thinking that I shall be keeping my word in striking at her. I cannot but believe that what hurts her will hurt him."

He stole softly up to a thicket of small trees not far from the doctor's house. He stood there, peering out, his eyes as evil as those of any famished beast ever were.

"I will have Dayber's Echo," he said, grimly, "whatever it costs. I will—I will—I WILL! That fool yonder should have known better than to have risked giving such a passion of greed to her unborn child. As for the rest—Dayber's Echo is hers; I can prove, I think, that I am her son and her heir—at least, I must take my chances, and in due time try; and it will be easy to make the world believe that some one of the people now in the mansion at Dayber's Echo—some one of those now in possession of the knowledge of their claims and their needs—as I must remember *I am not at present*—did—did *this*—or hired it done!"

And as he said "this" he raised the weapon he carried, a heavy rifle, and aimed at the lady claimant, who could be clearly seen through the uncurtained window, sitting in an easy-chair. He could not see Mr. Bond, but he knew that he was still in the room, for the woman was engaged in an earnest and impassioned conversation. Even as his eye glanced along the barrel of the rifle, pointed straight toward her breast, she put out her white hands again, with that same arrogant and self-glorying gesture which he had seen before. Her lips moved, and though he was too far away to hear her words, he knew exactly what it was she said.

He kept the rifle level and steady. His hands did not tremble at all. And why should they? He had calculated the cost; he had counted the risk; he was going to have Dayber's Echo; and this was the only way!

Straight toward her breast—which had nourished him!

Level with her heart—which had loved him, at least a little!

And his finger pressed the trigger, slowly, softly, gradually, and—

Why will men try to add aught to certainty—and so fail?

He took one step forward, with only one foot, to get a clearer view—a surer aim—so he said to himself.

And his foot slipped on something—just a little! His finger tightened on the trigger—just a little. The rifle went off, and the bullet went harmlessly over the head of the woman whose life had been in his hands—only a moment before, the woman whose life would be gone, now, if he had only been satisfied to let his wicked well-enough alone.

He threw down the weapon with an angry and despairing curse. He dashed away, little heeding or caring where he went. Nine o'clock! And he was doubly a fugitive from justice—a criminal without success to show for the most atrocious deed he had ever meditated.

He found himself near the great mansion at Dayber's Echo when he became calm and rational enough to understand where he was, what he was doing, and what there was need that he should do.

He moved silently up to the house. He bent down and listened.

No sound on this side. No lights here. And a thick mass of vines covering the walls and reaching up to the very roof. It was a sudden temptation which came to him there—a temptation which could have had but one origin—a temptation which almost took his breath away.

"Since I cannot have it," he said, firmly—as firmly as though he were carrying out some thoroughly reasoned and long-cherished plan, instead of being under the control of a sudden mad impulse—"no one else shall. I'll burn it—burn it—BURN IT!"

And he begins to swing himself up the side of the house by means of the vines.

He reached the window of the room which he had selected for his point of attack. It was the window of one of the two rooms which had been long unused, except for the storage of all sorts of rubbish, and the doors of which, to his certain knowledge, had not been unlocked since he first became an inmate of Dayber's Echo.

He raised the window. He climbed over the sill. He entered

the room. He closed the window and drew down the curtain behind him. He gave way to a fit of laughter, then—laughter which was undoubtedly of a hysterical nature—but which he felt he must control before he could safely go on with his work.

Perhaps, though, hysterics should have little credit for the mood he was in. Is it not quite possible that he could afford to laugh? He had been forbidden to enter Dayber's Echo, but he had gone in. They had spurned him at the well-guarded threshold, which he knew he would never pass again, but he had found another way in which to gain admission, and all of them were below him! Whatever the reason, he laughed! He had some matches with him. He found an old lamp, long unused, and lighted it.

He went over to the door of this room soon. It was locked. He found a wish in his heart that the keys might be lost. He presumed they were. But, to make assurance doubly sure, he shot the heavy bolt into its place. It would take a man with an ax or a sledge-hammer a good quarter of an hour to get into the room from the hall outside.

But Anson could not be satisfied—would not be—until he had taken every possible precaution against failure. He had lived at Dayber's Echo long enough to know that the most of the rooms on this side of the house, with the exception of the great room on the ground floor, two stories below this one, which was a particularly splendid parlor, and only used on particularly grand occasions, were entirely unused. With adjacent room, then, and the halls and corridors, near at hand, rarely entered or used, even by servants, and then only in the bright daytime, Anson felt that he could safely make as much noise as he found either necessary or convenient. As for the floors, they were so thoroughly deadened that he might have done as he would in this room, even if the room immediately below him had been occupied instead of empty.

Anson used much caution, however, for he did not desire to run any risk of detection and interruption. Detection would mean failure, at least; and, since he was unarmed, it might mean worse.

He slowly dragged heavy pieces of furniture, with which the huge chamber was well filled, across the room and to the door, against which he piled them.

He frightened great spiders, and other ugly vermin, out of their hiding-places. Dust and dirt fell upon him in great profusion. Huge cobwebs swept across his face, and clung there. The mold and slime which resulted from the slow and lingering decay of years stained his hands and garments. But still he worked on, restlessly and eager.

Ten o'clock! And so far all was—shall I say *well*, or *ill*?

He went into the next room, finding no difficulty in opening the door which connected the two rooms. There, he repeated the work he had already done in the other room. Eleven o'clock, and it would take a full hour for any one to force his way into one of these rooms from within the house. He assured himself that curtains and shutters effectually concealed the interior of the second room from the outside world. Then, he drew a match from his pocket, lighted it, and touched it to a tinder-like mass of rubbish in the centre of the room.

The flames grew stronger and stronger; they climbed higher and higher; their arms grew longer and more full of devilish vigor, and they reached further and more eagerly for the prey they were dragging down to their horrid embraces.

"A pleasant thing, this," chuckled Anson; "a very pleasant thing. They'll have a fine fire by which to warm themselves."

Yes, Arnold Anson, some one will.

He thought of Maude Dayber, possibly catching an hour's rest from her long watch by her father's side. He thought of Nathan Dayber, dying—so they had said. He thought of the host of servants, sleeping in different parts of the doomed building. But his heart did not relent.

"White, Graeme, Dayber's wife," he said, sullenly, "they are the ones I'd like to endanger, if it were in my power to endanger any one. But they, of all in there, are most likely to be safe. And the rest—they must take their chances!"

It was true that they must. The fire would, most likely, burn for an hour before it would make its presence known from within the thick walls and the ponderous doors and the heavy shutters which closed it in. But it would burn—burn—burn until it had laid Dayber's Echo in ruins. It was already beyond the control of the man who had kindled it.

He passed out into the other chamber, closing the door behind him. He there made all the necessary preparations for mischief and concealment. He extinguished the lamp.

He opened the window, first of all. He had found a couple of tacks, without much difficulty, and so fastened the curtain to the window-sash that the closing of the window, from the outside, would pull down the curtains as well.

At a greater expense of time and of ingenuity, for the problem was one of much greater difficulty, he had succeeded in so arranging a stout cord, passing it over a loose nail in lieu of a pulley, that the closing of the window, if done suddenly, should start the shutters on their closing swing. Once started, energetically, he must rely on inertia serving him for the rest of his need.

He stepped out of the window, finding a fairly safe foothold upon the network of vines.

He drew a match from his pocket. He stooped down, bending in over the window-ledge, and scratched it on the plaster under the window.

He tossed it over further into the room, upon a pile of paper and rubbish he had placed there to receive it, where it blazed up brightly for a moment, flickered doubtfully, struggled for existence, and went out!

But, in that one moment of partial illumination, Dr. Arnold Anson caught sight of his face again, in the dimly lighted and briefly seen mirror. The nature of the view, and the length of time it lasted, changed his face some—changed it from even the changed appearance it had worn this evening, compared with what it was not so very long ago. It added some lines of light here; it gave it some unusual shades there; it deepened some features and characteristics; it almost obliterated some others. It was his face, his own face—and still it was not! In that horrible moment he knew who his father was! He could never doubt, never so long as he lived, that he was the son of Peter Pillah!

Astounded, bewildered, almost frightened, he forgot, for a moment—for only one—where he was and what he was doing! He started up and back; he took a step backward—and stepped out upon empty air! He threw up his hands, despairingly, and caught at the air—at the vines—at anything—to support and save himself. He touched the window—clutched it—drew it down! His fingers caught upon the outer edge of the window-ledge, stopped his fall, and for one moment he dared hope he was saved. And saved he would have been, but for the perfection of his own inventive care; the shutters swung slowly forward, swept his crushed and mangled fingers from their only support—and him from his only hope—closed, fastened, and remained so.

And he? He fell down to the ground—straight and unhindered. He realized, as he lay beneath the long window of the great parlor, hidden among the tangle of the clinging vines, that both legs were broken, that his back was injured, and that he had reached the last scene of his life in this world—unless he called for help!

(To be continued.)

AMATEURS IN THE CIRCUS-RING.

THE most unique entertainment ever given by amateurs in the United States was that which took place last Friday at Pleasanton, near Baychester, the home of James Waterbury, Jr., of New York City. It was a circus performance by amateurs, in a tennis building that seemed to be specially constructed for the use to which it was placed on this particular occasion. A special train left the Grand Central Depot, New York, to take the ladies and gentlemen, embracing a number of the leaders of the "400," who had been invited to the entertainment. Among the prominent society patrons present, were the following: Mrs. Paron Stevens, P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr.; Miss Leiter, of Washington; and Colonel and Mrs. William Jay, New



ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN RIDERS.

York; Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis, the Marquis de Mores, John Lawrence and Miss Anita Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. George B. de Forest, Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis, 3d; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Fred Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. Burke Roche, Foxhall Keene, Duncan Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coster, the Misses Hecksher, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Stan-



A PEANUT GIRL.

ley Mortimer, Edward Bulkeley, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hunt, Colonel and Mrs. H. L. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lawler, Philip Miller, Mrs. Arthur Welman, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Schermerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Greenville Kane, Miss French, Hamilton Carey, James A. Kernochan, the Misses Duer, Andrew Bibby, Mr. and Mrs. John Hone, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. French, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'D. Iselin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Post, Miss Lina Post, John Agar, Edward Hewitt, Mrs. R. T.

Wilson, Miss Grace Wilson, R. T. Wilson, Jr.; G. Creighton Webb, Ridgeway Moore, and H. F. Webster.

As the guests arrived at Baychester they were met by conveyances, and were speedily conveyed to Mr. Waterbury's house, about a mile distant. They were received by Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury, and were promptly seated by the following ushers, wearing pink ribbons and flowers in their button-holes: John C. Furman, Isaac Iselin, C. O'D. Iselin, Henry Coster, and Jay Lorillard, Jr.

The circus building was handsomely decorated in circus style with pennants and flags, and before the band began to play, the Misses Post and Roberts, Georgie Berryman and Emmie Heckscher, in gowns of poetic colors, distributed programmes in the form of rolls of parchment, and also distributed those indispensable of every circus—candy and pea-nuts—shouting out



THE CLOWN.

their wares with melodious voices. Meanwhile Lander's Band, in the gallery at one side of the circus, began to play, and every one was on tiptoe for the grand *entrée* and quadrille, the first number on the programme, in which Messrs. F. Beach, R. Cottenet, E. C. Potter, and Charles Havemeyer appeared in hunting costume. The ladies participating wore scarlet jackets, black hats, and white skirts. They were Miss Florence Hurst, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Miss Carey, and Miss Sally Hargous. The little polo ponies seemed to enter into the sport as freely as their riders, and generous applause greeted the first number on the programme. The ring-master, Howard M. Potter, and the clowns, Charles Havemeyer and B. Appleton, came in for a warm greeting. The assistants in the ring—no one dared call them "supes"—were M. Story, Robert Potter, Thomas Howard, Jr.; Woodbury Kane, Robert L. Hargous, and Livingstone Beekman. The remainder of the programme included tumbling by Messrs. Molineaux, Taylor, Leshner, and Landon; antics by the clown elephant Mac, trained by William Benninger, or "Billy B," as he was called on the programme; ladder exercise by Professor George Goldie and Messrs. Landon and Leshner; an exhibition of Appleton's trained dogs; bareback riding by E. C. Potter; horizontal-bar exercise by Messrs. Molineaux and Leshner; a flying-trapeze exhibition by Roland Molineaux; "a female equestrian" exercise by Mr. F. O. Beach in abbreviated skirts and circus costume; a double-trapeze act by Messrs. Leshner and Landon, and a three-horse exercise by Victor Sorchon, who rode standing.

The whole entertainment was well planned and excellently carried out, Mr. Beach, in the guise of the female rider, winning perhaps the greatest applause, but all being handsomely rewarded by demonstrations of approval.

About midnight the performance was concluded. The guests were entertained at Mr. Waterbury's hospitable mansion, and dancing followed. It was nearly 3 A.M. before the special train started with the visitors back to New York. The novel affair was a decided success, and it is said to have involved an expenditure of nearly \$30,000. The illustrations that are printed in LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY were taken on the spot, and present the best features of the unique affair.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 4TH.—In Jefferson City, Mo., Mayor John F. Edwards, of the Kansas City Times, and one of the best-known men in his State; in New York, Edward Whitehurst, long connected with the merchant marine, aged 58 years; in Philadelphia, John F. Belsterling, a well-known Democratic lawyer; in Hudson, N. Y., Elihu Gifford, the oldest and one of the most prominent citizens of the town, aged 93 years; in Malden, Mass., Captain Newton Stover, a well-known sea-captain, aged 45 years. MAY 5TH.—In Saco, Me., ex-Judge Samuel F. Chase, a leading citizen, aged 51 years; in Walpole, N. H., Colonel David Buffum, an influential and high'y respected citizen, of large public trust, aged 86 years; in Escudido, Cal., Samuel Brannan, a pioneer, and once immensely wealthy. MAY 9TH.—In Providence, R. I., Samuel W. Pearce, a member of the Board of Trade; in Hudson, N. Y., Lieutenant Abram F. Rockefeller, United States Navy, aged 46 years; in Orlando, Fla., General William S. Harney, the oldest officer of the United States Army, aged 89 years; in Washington, D. C., William D. O'Connor, Assistant General Superintendent of the Life-saving Service. Rev. Father Damien, widely celebrated as the leper priest of Molokai, died at Kalawa, Hawaii, on April 10th. For the last sixteen years his labors had been confined to the leper settlement at Molokai, where he contracted the dread disease which cost him his life.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IMMENSE damage has been done by forest fires in Northern Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin.

THE belief is growing that there will be an extra session of Congress, convening about the middle of October.

EXPERIMENTS in the cultivation of sorghum are to be continued this year at several of the Government experiment stations.

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium has proposed that an international conference be held in September next, to complete the work of the Congo Conference at Berlin.

ALL the participants in the Samoan Conference are said to agree to the principle of the neutrality of the islands, as insisted upon by the American delegates.

A TORNADO last week laid waste a part of Stafford County, Kansas, destroying farm-houses and other buildings, and killing and injuring a number of people.

THE water-melon growers of Georgia and South Carolina have organized a trust, with a view of handling and marketing their crops by their own agents in the North.

THE American Meat Company, with a capital of \$25,000,000, has been organized in New York. Warner Miller is president, and it will become a rival of the "Big Four" meat concern.

A CONSOLIDATION of several Western iron and steel companies has been effected, for the purpose of facilitating the production of all sorts of iron and steel forms, and also to develop a new industry in this country—the manufacture of tin plate.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's horses, carriages, harness, etc., were sold at auction in Washington, one day last week, for \$2,041.85, which probably represents about thirty per cent. of Mr. Cleveland's original investment in the property.

THE directors of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York have voted to continue German opera, and the managing director has gone to Europe to engage artists for the season. It is the purpose of the manager to follow the New York season, in the spring, with a tour over the country.

THE centennial of the French Revolution was celebrated at Versailles, on the 5th inst., with great pomp and ceremony. President Carnot, at whom a shot was fired by a would-be assassin as he left the Palace Elysée, made an eloquent address, and there were other speakers. The assault upon the President created great excitement, and the assailant narrowly escaped being lynched.

THE value of the California fruit crop this year is estimated at \$24,000,000, of which fresh and dried fruits amount to \$6,500,000 each, and raisins and citrus fruits \$3,500,000 each. The wheat crop is estimated at 70,000,000 bushels, worth \$52,000,000; barley, \$5,500,000; vegetables, \$3,750,000; wool, \$6,000,000; dairy products, \$7,500,000; wine, \$4,000,000. The total of all products, not including manufactures, amounts to \$185,000,000.

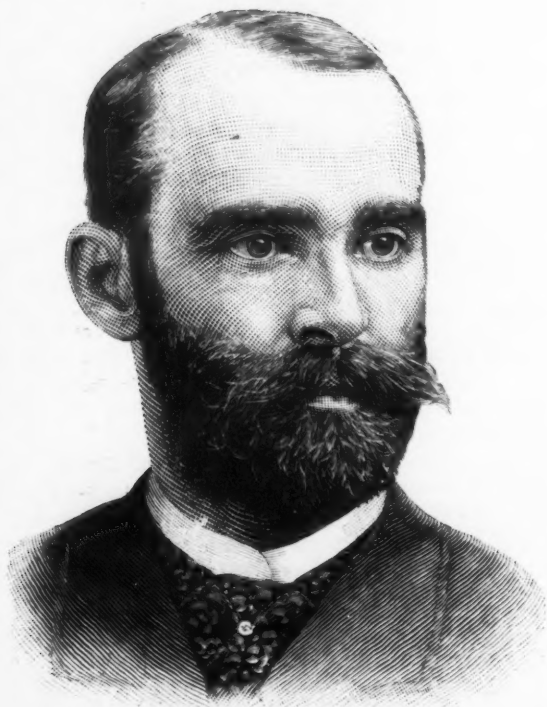
A MURDER trial has just ended at Butte, Montana. A special to the Helena Journal says that Rose Bennett, a courtesan of Anacosta, has been found guilty of murdering Frank Grover. The two entered into a discussion about the State of Rhode Island, the woman wagering that it was not in the United States. When the bet was decided against her, the woman shot Grover, inflicting a mortal wound. The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

THE attempt to remove Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago has not been altogether successful. In fact, it has met with disaster—a freight-train on which the building was being transferred having been wrecked near Maysville, Ky., and the material scattered promiscuously along the railway-track. It is added that the country people carried off the old brick and pieces of timber as mementos, and it will thus be impossible ever to put the famous structure together again. Perhaps it is just as well it should be so.

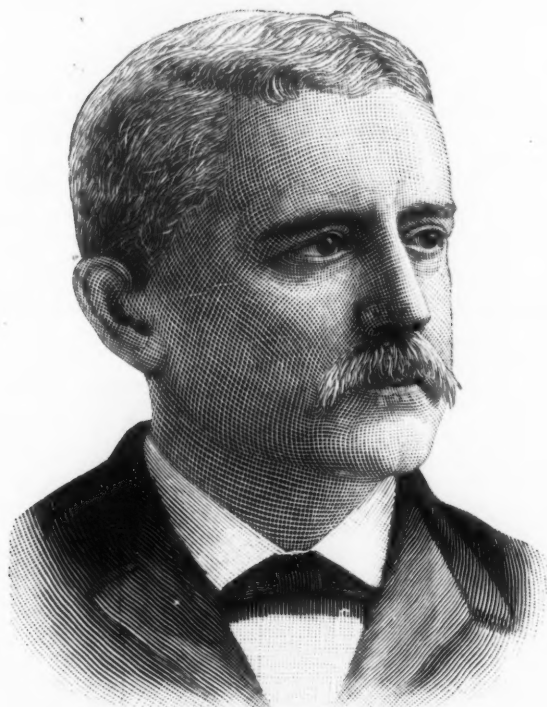
EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN of Pennsylvania is pushing his project for a memorial hall to commemorate the action of the fallen heroes at Gettysburg, and all other soldiers of the Keystone State. With the appropriation made by the Legislature and that received from other sources the fund now aggregates \$30,000. The lot upon which the hall will be erected comprises fifty acres, and the building will be of granite, glass, and iron, and according to plans submitted the dimensions will be 110 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 30 feet high. It will be built with alcoves designed for busts and statues of distinguished men who fought on the decisive fields of the war, and adorned with other attractive features.

SOME comment has been occasioned among Roman Catholics by the announcement that Bishop Keane has secured abroad the services of a distinguished body of professors for the new Catholic university, at Washington. It is feared that a faculty composed wholly or chiefly of Europeans will inculcate doctrines concerning the temporal power of the papacy not generally supposed to be consistent with American principles. This is a subject that the present Pope is known to have much at heart, and his great interest in the cause of Bishop Keane may be thus explained. Until now, it is suggested, the success of Catholicism in America has been largely due to its comparative independence of European, and especially of Italian, control.

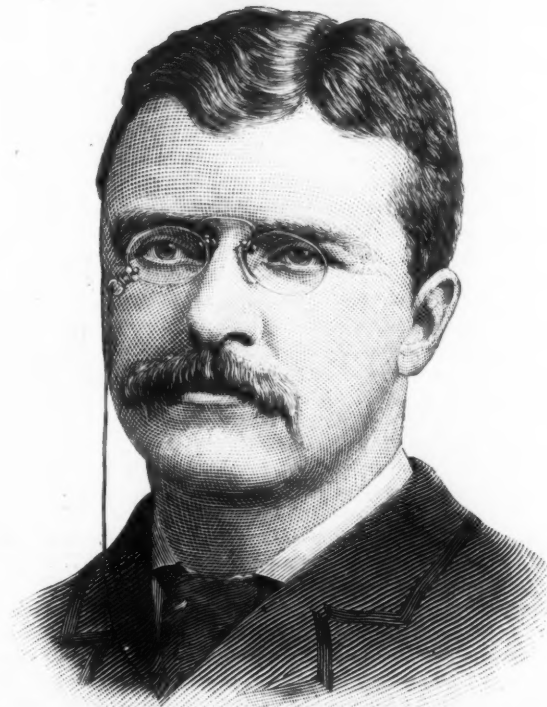
THE citizen-soldiery of the United States who took part in the recent inaugural parade in this city has reason to feel proud of the favorable impression it created in the minds of all beholders. That impression has been voiced by Captain Daniel L. Taylor, who was sent here by the Secretary of War to direct the movements of the soldiery on the centennial occasion. He says that 40,000 militia-men came into the city without disturbance or delay. In case of necessity he believes that 50,000 could be brought to New York after a few hours' notice. He speaks of the public attention given to the plainest-dressed militia-men in the parade. It is a fact that the marching, discipline, and soldierly appearance of the visitors interested the million spectators of the military parade more than all the display of gorgeous uniforms, gilt braid, brass buttons, and brass bands.



INDIAN TERRITORY.—COLONEL D. B. DYER,
MAYOR OF GUTHRIE.
PHOTO BY THOMPSON.—[SEE PAGE 256.]



SOUTH CAROLINA.—HON. H. S. THOMPSON,
CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
PHOTO BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 259.]



HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CIVIL SERVICE
COMMISSIONER.
PHOTO BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 259.]

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the International Chess Tournament, now in progress at No. 8 Union Square, in New York City. The contestants in this tournament number twenty-one in all, representing Russia, England, Ireland, France, Austria, Australia, Canada, and the United States. There are seven prizes, aggregating in value \$3,750. Our picture shows the game played on Thursday of last week, between Messrs. Tschigorin of Russia and Weiss of Austria, in which the former won. At this writing Tschigorin has the lead, having won 25 games and lost 8.

ASCENT OF ARARAT.

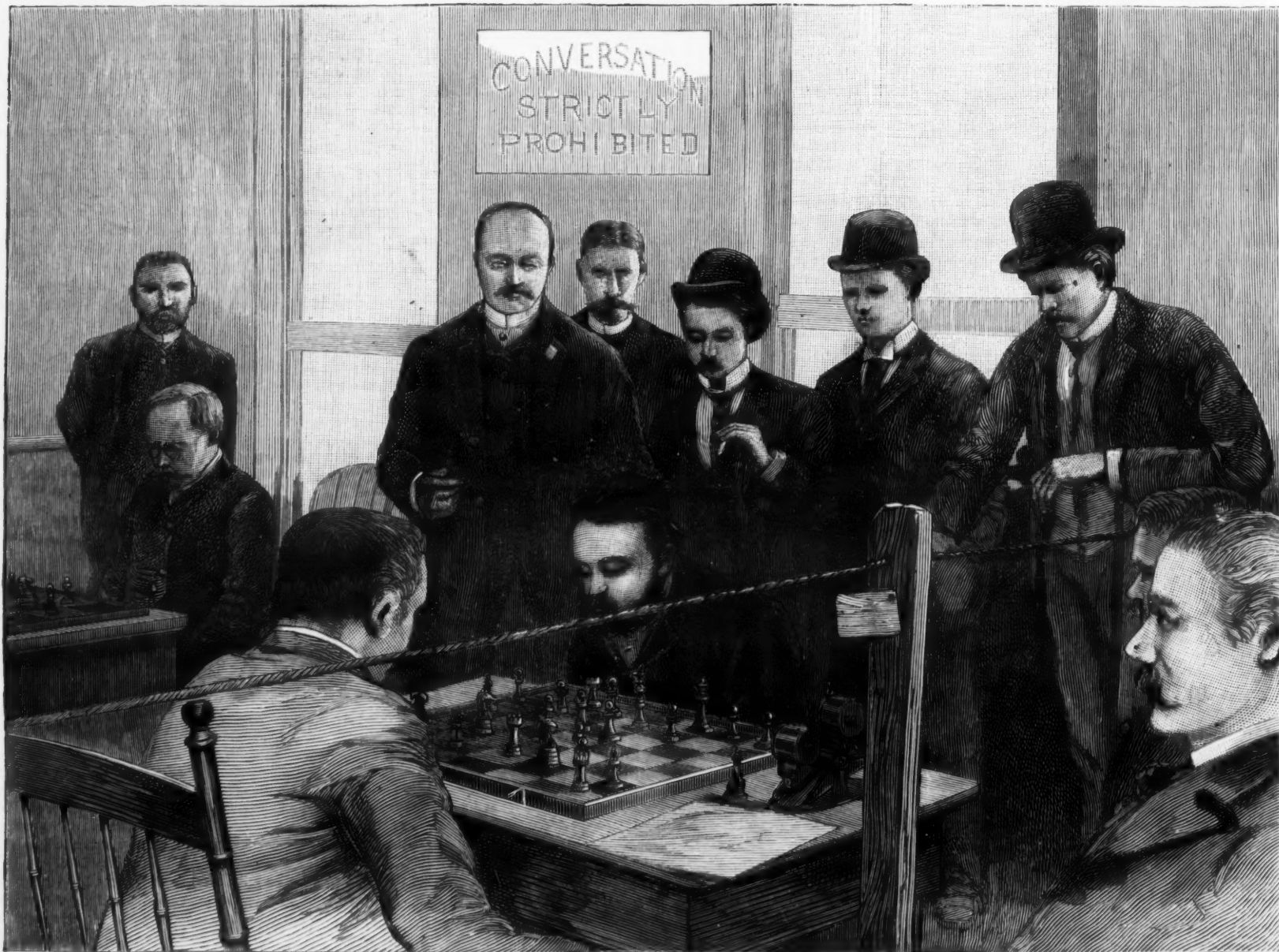
IN last August a party, composed of some members of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society and others, succeeded in making a full ascent of Ararat. It will be remembered that

the "Biblical mountain" exceeds in elevation the highest mountain of Western Europe—Mont Blanc—by 1,500 feet, and that, therefore, it presents extraordinary difficulties for those attempting to climb it. The Russian explorers, however, accomplished their purpose without any serious accidents. They found that the actual height of Ararat is 16,900 feet. They made a unique, though of course not bulky, collection of minerals, bugs, and plants found beyond the line of eternal snow, and even on the very top of Noah's Mount.

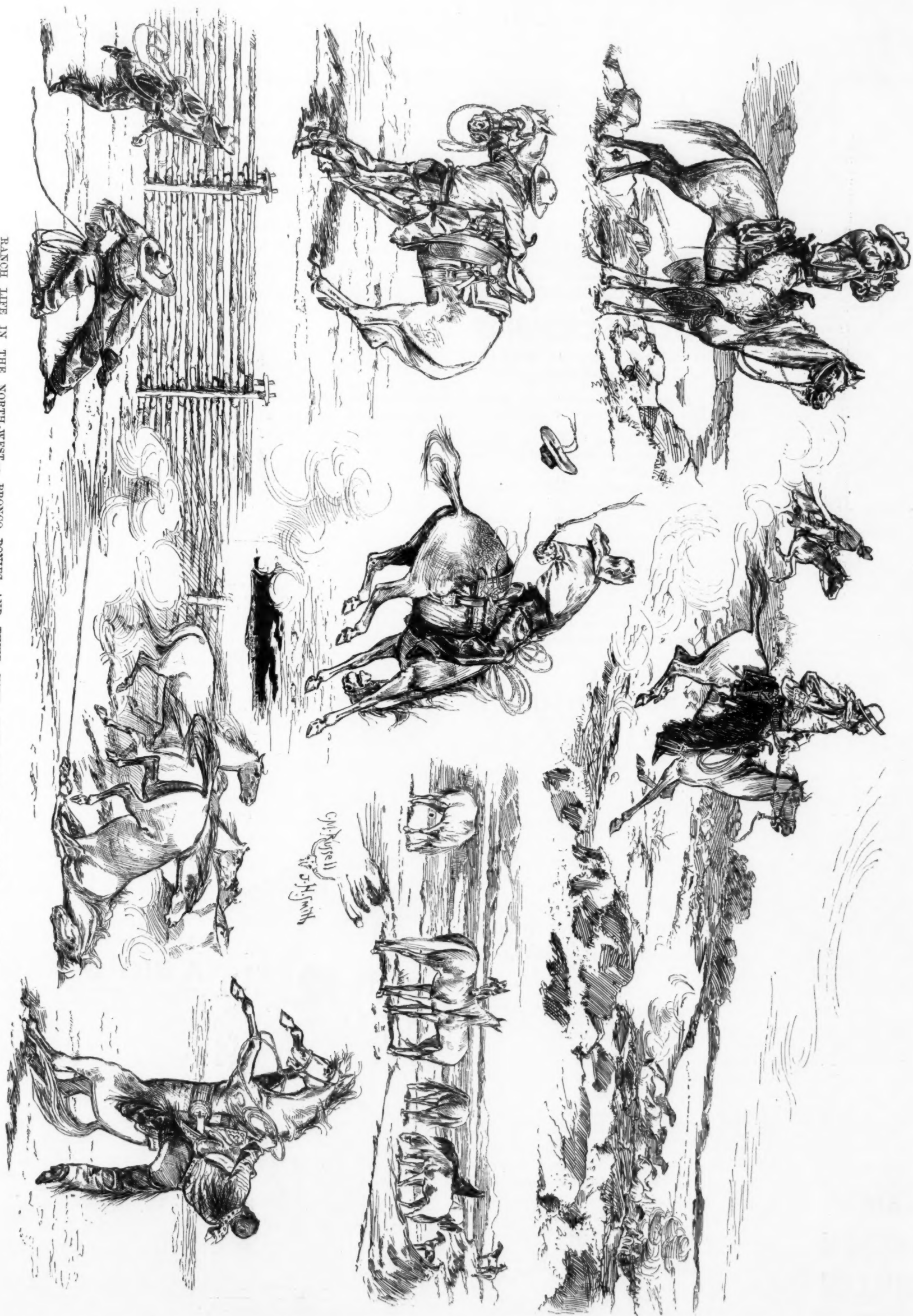
That there should be no doubt whatever as to their successful ascent, the Russians divided their party into two sections, and ascended simultaneously both the Lesser and the Greater Ararat. Those reaching the top of the Lesser Ararat subsequently photographed their friends standing on the snowy crown of the Greater.

From the top of Ararat can be seen both the Caspian and the Black Sea, Kazbek and Elbruz, and the adjoining parts of three countries—Russia, Persia, and Turkey. The Russians, however, could not long enjoy this grand sight, for soon after they had

reached the summit the mountain was enveloped in a dense fog. A number of Kurds served the Russians as guides and porters, and they did their duty most faithfully, for the plain reason that the captain of the district police was waiting at the foot of the mountain. When descending, the Russians were overtaken by a snow-storm, which later on turned into rain. The descent over the slippery stones was extremely difficult and dangerous, yet the explorers came out sound and well, not counting some occasional falls and slight bruises. In the night they lost their way, and the guides declared that it was extremely dangerous to move on. Though wet to their bones, and hungry and cold, the explorers were forced to pass the rest of the night among the rocks. Early in the morning they resumed their descent, and in a few hours they joined their friends, who had performed their particular task with perfect safety. Our pictures are from sketches and photos furnished by Professor E. C. Markoff, a member of the Geographical Society, whose services were engaged by us before the expedition started.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT CHESS TOURNAMENT—THE RUSSIAN CHAMPION, TSCHIGORIN, AND WEISS, THE AUSTRIAN, AT PLAY.
FROM A PHOTO BY J. W. BAAR.



RANCH LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.—BRONCO PONIES AND THEIR USES—HOW THEY ARE TRAINED AND BROKEN.—[see Page 269.]

JOURNALISM IN MONTANA.

THE Helena Journal appears with the Union flag in three colors, decorating and covering its inside pages, with Montana, of course, the largest star in the Union. It evidently appreciates the importance of the occasion, and rises up to it in characteristically Western style, as follows:

The Journal appears in the national colors to-day, "without any apology," as James Whitcomb Riley would say. It also issues an extra page or two. Altogether it is a journalistic daisy—a double-blossomed daisy. Next centennial it will do even better. The present promoters will not be here, perhaps; they will be twanging harps in the Great Beyond, as a reward for the scoops they are now scoring on the esteemed contemporary; but the Journal will be here all right enough, and it will be as patriotic and enterprising as ever. Posterity will be on deck. We speak from posterity a liberal patronage.

IMPORTANT CHANGES

IN THROUGH AND LOCAL TRAINS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

MANY important changes in the movement of trains will be effected in the spring schedule of Pennsylvania Railroad trains going into effect on the 12th inst.

The most notable feature is the establishment of a new through express train to Cincinnati via Pennsylvania Railroad, Washington, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Route. This train, which has been christened the "F. F. V. Vestibule Special," will leave New York on its first trip on Tuesday, May 14th, and regularly thereafter at 3:30 P. M., arrive in Washington 9:25, deliver passengers at the stations for the prominent Virginia springs early next morning, and arrive in Cincinnati at 5:15 in the evening. It will be equipped with Pullman Vestibule Sleeping-cars, a Dining-car, and Coaches through to Cincinnati.

A new connection for Williamsport will be made by train leaving New York at 3 P. M. It will arrive at Williamsport 12 o'clock midnight. The Fast Mail for Philadelphia, Washington, and the South, which has heretofore carried no passengers from New York, will thereafter carry passengers, by boat leaving foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets at 4:00 A. M. The express leaving New York at 6:00 P. M. for Philadelphia, daily, will run on week-days only.

On Sundays only a Parlor-car will be attached to the 9:45 A. M. train for Long Branch and Point Pleasant, returning on train leaving Point Pleasant 5:10 P. M.; and commencing on the 13th inst., Parlor-cars will be run on trains leaving New York at 9:10 A. M. and 3:10 P. M., returning on trains leaving Point Pleasant 7:20 A. M. and 2:25 P. M.

Other changes in the local service will be found by consulting time-tables.

WHAT WE SING.

"Arma Virumque Cano," said Virgil; but in a more practical vein, "We sing the virtues of Compound Oxygen."

In these instances we sing by proxy; our patients are the proxies:

"PORTAGE, WIS., January 30, 1888.
"My wife has been taking your Compound Oxygen for over two years for consumption, and has derived much benefit from it—in fact, I think she would have died long ago but for it."
H. D. JAMES."

"WALLA WALLA, WASH. TERR., April 9, '88.
"I have used your Compound Oxygen treatment. My lungs hold double the amount of air they did at the time I first tried it. I know your agent is all you claim for it."
N. K. GABRIEL."

"SUMTER, S. C., March 24, 1888.
"I believe I owe my life to your treatment."
CHAS. L. WITHERSPOON."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing DR. STARKER & PALEY, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 130 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

SPOKANE FALLS the metropolis of Eastern Idaho is good and wages excellent. Money brings from 8 to 12 per cent. on safe investments. For full particulars, address CLOUGH & GRAVES, Spokane Falls, W. T.

Golden Hair Wash.
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE Scott's Emulsion

OF Cod Liver Oil WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.

It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.

It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.

It is wonderful as a flesh producer.

It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.
LYONS NOVELTIES

BLACK ARMURES, ROYALES & STRIPED MOIRE, DOUBLE-TWILL SURAH SILKS.

High-class Novelties for Spring and Summer Dresses. Lyons Silk Grenadines, Plain, Mesh, and Fancy Stripes.

Mail Orders receive Prompt Attention.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

Are Your Congress Shoes Insured?

WHERE Insured?

In Boston, at the office of Hub Gore Makers, the largest manufacturers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on the inside of the Elastic is the Insurance Seal Stamp.

HOW Insured?

By this Legal Document which accompanies the shoes.



INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.
Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Islands, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.

HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.
Signed, Albert Herbert Pres.
Er Page. Treas.

WHAT Insured?—The Elastic Gore.

AGAINST Shrinking, Fading, Bagging, Losing Shape, Getting Loose, Wearing Out. SUCH Look Better, Fit Better, Feel Better, Last Longer. SHOES

WHERE Sold?—Everywhere. They cost no more, and come in every desirable grade and make. Write us for list of dealers in your locality. (Copyright, 1889, by Hub Gore Makers, Boston, Mass.)

Visitors to Europe.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Union Square, New York.

Suggest to visitors to the International Exposition that they will find one of the interesting attractions of Paris a visit to their establishment,

36 bis AVENUE de l'OPERA,

Where can be seen probably the largest, most valuable and comprehensive collection of Precious Stones and rich Jewelry for sale in Europe.

In addition to the advantage of so large a stock to select from, purchasers have the security of the full endorsement guarantees and privileges given by the New York House.

COLORED SILKS.

We have just made one purchase of 35,000 yards of Plain Colored Silks, 19 inches wide, in 40 different shades. The entire lot has been placed this week in our Retail Silk Department. The price is 65 cents per yard; the goods are fully worth 95 cents.

We know of no occasion when so large a quantity and so excellent a quality of Colored Silks has been offered at retail in New York City for so little money.

Samples sent on request.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th St., New York.

Chests of Solid Silver Forks and Spoons.

THERE is no more practical gift, none more acceptable, than a set of Solid Silver Forks and Spoons, and none that will give such length of useful service. And of all articles purchased for household use, are there any that give an equal return for their cost? What other thing or things can be kept in daily use for ten or twenty, twenty or forty, years, and then be sold for half their original price? Or what other things will render this fullness of service to one generation, and pass on, a cherished possession, to another, in unimpaired value and fitness for use?

This will silver do, if rightly chosen. It is extravagance, and not economy, to buy light weights. If a spoon or a fork be too light it will bend, and soon lose its shape. Silver enough should be used in the making to give a little excess of strength.

Chests of Oak or Mahogany, brass-mounted, are made in two styles as here shown. In one, the pieces are laid closely one on top of another, taking as little room as possible. In the other, furnished with a drawer, each piece has a separate place, and the same number of pieces that the smaller chest will hold are here arranged for greater display. The linings are usually of chammois of some rich dark color, but can be of silk or satin if preferred.

Choice is offered of a great variety of beautiful patterns at \$1.60 per ounce. The cost of five-dozen sets is therefore as follows.

1 Dozen	Ten-spoons	12 ounces.
1 "	Desert-spoons	17 "
1 "	Table-spoons	25 "
1 "	Desert-forks	18 "
1 "	Table-forks	27 "

55 ounces, at \$1.60 per ounce, \$158.40.
This set in smaller, compact chest (\$12) . . . \$170.40
This set in larger, display chest (\$20) . . . \$278.40

Smaller numbers of pieces, with or without cases, are sold at the same rate per ounce. "List F," giving illustrations of the patterns, will be sent on application.

THEODORE B. STARR,
206 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, N. Y.



A BIG OFFER!

OUR COUNTRY HOME an illustrated magazine for the farm and home, now in its 17th year, is generally acknowledged to be one of the best \$1.00 a year general, agricultural, and family periodicals in America, best writers, best articles, best of everything. It is elegantly printed and illustrated on fine paper. It has been our custom each year to offer some Great Premium to secure new subscribers, knowing when once a subscriber you will be so well pleased that you are sure to renew for years to come. We propose to add to our already large list of subscribers, thousands of new ones during the next four months, if Money and Enterprise will accomplish it. This year we offer the Premium Illustrated Here. It is a Beautiful Gold Plated Engraved Shell Pattern Case, just like our illustration. It is a gem setting, with patent adjustment. The Crystal is Double Thick polished glass, and all the costly jewels, pinions and bearings are perfectly made and each part is carefully fitted by skilled workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory. Now You Can Get One Free. You Can get this great premium absolutely free. Send \$1.00 (Money Order, Express Order, Postal Note, Bank Draft, Bank bill or Postage Stamp) for one year's subscription to OUR COUNTRY HOME, and we will send you by return mail, postpaid, the Beautiful Gold Plated Shell Pattern Case. We will not accept more than one subscription for the paper and this great premium from any person. This offer is good for Four Months Only, from date of this paper. Subscribers at once and get the best Farm and Home paper in America and a GREAT PREMIUM. Cut this Advertisement out and send it to us With One Dollar. Same paper in which you saw our advertisement. Address H. F. SHIVERICK, Pub., 88 Fulton Street, N. Y. City.

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

WEIS & CO.,
First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
Successors to C. WEIS, Mfrs. of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 309 E'WAY, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St. and Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver-mounted pipes, etc., made in newest designs.



LOOKING OUT FOR COMFORT.

MRS. CALLAHAN (taking the Jersey City ferry, after leaving Castle Garden)—"Av yez can't git us bunks away from th' ingines, phere we'se can shleep nights, devil th' fut Oi go aboard."

WRENCHED HIS BACK.

How many men given to heavy labor go through life with a kind of hitch in the backbone, caused by wrenching at some period in their younger days. Let all such take heed from the following letter:

C. R. Bentley, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., writes:

"Some years ago, while loading sheep on the railroad, I wrenched my back. I was confined to my bed for four weeks, being partially paralyzed. As I could get no relief, I put on my spine three ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS from the small of my back up between my shoulders. From that day I suffered less pain, and began to get better. I put fresh plasters on every ten days, and in a month I was well and attending to my business."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

PRINT PRESS \$3. Circular \$8. Newspaper size \$44. Type-setting easy; printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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TRICYCLES TANDEMS

SAFETIES

THE FINEST LINE EVER PRESENTED

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

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1784. **BARBOUR'S** 1880.
FLAX THREADS.
USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE
—IN—
EMBROIDERY, KNITTING
AND CROCHET WORK.
Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macrame and other Laces.
Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.
LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.
THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
New York, Boston, Philadelphia,
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JUDICAT

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TERRARUM

HELENA now has over 20,000 people. Is growing faster than any other city of equal size in America. Is the center of a country rich in Gold and Silver, business is good, wages excellent, and the whole city is thriving. Real estate is advancing. Investments in Helena property can now be made at reasonable prices; all absolutely safe and yield enormous returns. We undertake investments for parties at a distance. There is ample opportunity for investments bringing 7 to 9 per cent. on first mortgages.—All 7 per cent. loans guaranteed, principal and interest.—Real estate, improved farms and ranches for sale. We invite correspondence. References: Any bank of Helena. Write us. Address, **WITHERBEN & HUNTER, Real Estate and Loan Brokers, Helena, Montana.**

WEAR THE
BURT & PACKARD

See that every pair is stamped
The BURT & PACKARD.
"Korrek Shape."

BURT & PACKARD
STANLEY BURT & CO.
CORRECT SHAPE

IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT.
If you want perfection in fit, with freedom from corns and all discomfort you will always wear the **Burt & Packard Shoe**. It is acknowledged as the most comfortable, the best wearing and most stylish gentlemen's shoe made in the world.
Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes. The **Burt & Packard Shoe** costs no more than any other fine shoe, though none approach it in value.
All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to (successors to Burt & Packard) **Packard & Field, Brockton, Mass.** Sold by

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

Warner's Log Cabin
Sarsaparilla!
The Best-Largest Bottle

ROYAL BAKING
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ABSOLUTELY PURE
Light Sweet Wholesome Bread
Delicious Pastry

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Championship of the World,
At Toronto, in Open Contest, Aug. 13, 1888.
151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurran, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

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BALL-POINTED PENS

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The Ball-Pointed Pens never scratch nor spurt; they hold more ink and last longer.

Price \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross.

Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.

Price 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all stationers.

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CAUTION

If any dealer says he has the **W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES** without name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write **W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.**

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his
\$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
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\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

Arnold,
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DRESS FABRICS.

Plain and Fancy Mohairs,
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BROCHE AND EMBROIDERED ROBES.

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LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, 'an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant.' Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.

Justus Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
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